THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXII. No. 558. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1941 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . Page 385
THE WAR NEARS INDIA 387
THE GESTAPO IN MUNSTER . . . 387
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic . . . 388
THIS ENGLAND 389
FROM THE URALS. By Maurice Edelman 389
PAY AND ALLOWANCES. By Irene Ward, M.P. 390
WASTE NOT. By Y. Y. 391
THE AIRMAN. By R. C. Trevelyan Page 392
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait . 392
PLAYS AND PICTURES 392
CORRESPONDENCE 392
From Eric A. Bevan; Lord Strabolgi; W. Stanley Moore and others.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Raymond Mortimer 394
REVIEWS: Page
Okydoke: Or the Origin of Language. By V. S. Pritchett 395
Soviet Russia. By Harold J. Laski . 396
Occupied Territory. By G. W. Stonier 396
Drawings By Augustus John, R.A. By Clive Bell 397
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Edward Sackville West 397
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 399

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S speech announcing that the Germans have begun the " shooting war " means not that the United States is any closer to sending an army to this side of the Atlantic, but that the Neutrality Act may soon be a dead letter. The proposal to arm merchant shipping has passed from the House of Representatives to the Senate. There it has been widened by a resolution to remove the ban upon the entry of ships into combat zones. This motion, helped by the influence of Mr. Willkie, has passed the Foreign Relations Committee and is now before the full senate. There it will have to run the gauntlet of the Isolationists. The chances are, no doubt, enhanced by the statement of Mr. Knox that numbers of German submarines are at work in the South Atlantic. He would not say whether they were based on Dakar. The U.S.A. is very Dakar-minded. In his speech Mr. Roosevelt said nothing about the Far East, where Japan is still presumably waiting to attack Russia through Mongolia, if she thinks that the U.S.S.R. is sufficiently hard-pressed and parts of her army are drawn from the East to the West. Mr. Roosevelt tried to concentrate American attention on the immediate objective of supplying Britain and Russia, which should mean the same thing, with the materials they need as quickly as possible.

The short period when falling snow, not yet frozen, turns the ground into liquid mud has come to the aid of beleaguered Moscow. The strategy of its defence is skilful. Hitler needs Moscow as winter quarters and in order to be able to announce a spectacular victory. His usual tactics of a wedge which then divides and branches out into two attacking forces has been tried and abandoned in favour of a direct assault on Moscow. Both North and South seem to be well held, and the German divisions are therefore forced down a funnel into an increasingly narrowing front. In the Ukraine the Russians have evacuated Kharkov after removing most of its valuable machinery and destroying many of its great buildings. Farther south the Germans claim to be breaking through into the Crimea which is now defended by the navy as well as by land forces. The Nazi drive appears to be approaching Rostov, which stands on the wrong side of the Don and obviously in imminent peril. If Hitler succeeds in cutting the pipe-line there he has the alternative of attempting to push on to Stalingrad or Astrakhan, which would cut off the rail and river routes by which oil from Baku is brought to Stalin's armies. Or, on the other hand, he might make the difficult attempt to pass the Caucasus in the winter season. This may well be the most important strategical area of the next phase of the war. It is to be hoped that British and Russian plans are fully co-operating in Iran, and that General Wavell has at his disposal properly mechanised divisions. It is obvious that the chief justification for the decision not to attempt an offensive which would draw German troops away from Russia is that full equipment has reached the alternative fronts in the Caucasus and in Libya, where presumably weather conditions should soon make an offensive possible. The North African offensive would be far from Russia, but provided the Soviet Union can hold during the winter, it might prove of decisive importance, since once the Mediterranean is free an immense distance is saved for the transport of supplies, and other possibilities open up for offensives against the Axis. The Caucasus front may be more immediately important; on it the whole defence of the Middle East, and to some extent British oil supplies, depends. The U.S.S.R., as an article we print below explains in some detail, has other important oil resources East of the Volga, but if Hitler cuts off the Caucasus he shuts off a vital line of communication and reduces Russia to a purely defensive strategy.

Hitler has paid heavily for his success in Russia. The ghastly methods by which the Gestapo in France and Czechoslovakia attempt to put down resistance must make it far more difficult for him to proclaim a New Order which would be accepted by any considerable body of the public in any occupied country. In Germany itself it is significant that the German wireless has never yet mentioned to the German people this mass shooting of hostages, that no reference is ever made to the sinking of the merchant ships on which Hitler relies to supply various parts of his empire, that there has never yet been a list of the casualties on the Russian battlefields. These on a sober estimate must be enormous, though why Mr. Hicks or any other member of the Government should think it good propaganda to tell us they amount to four million neither we nor anyone else can understand. What we do know is that the German papers now carry pages of obituaries of individuals who died suddenly " for the Fuhrer," and that these frequently contain more than a hint of the feelings of their relatives. Hitler, after all, promised victory this autumn, and the German population has long shown itself quite apathetic to conquests, and is not easily reconciled to the prospect of perpetual warfare. One of the most interesting events that have occurred in Germany since the war began is the sermon by the Bishop of Munster, an extract of which we print on another page. We need say nothing to underline the immense courage required in the conditions of Germany to-day for a Bishop to speak in frank and unsparing terms of the appalling cruelty of the Gestapo. The Bishop prophesies the disintegration of Germany if the secret police is given a free hand over respected and honest citizens, and justice, morality and law are arbitrarily trampled under foot.

The Home Front

Last week, Lord Woolton's announcement of the Government's intention greatly to increase the extent of school-feeding for children were received with general acclamation. It was, indeed, in declared intention, a very big step in advance. But " the longer the step, the farther to go " is a pertinent consideration. Even if we could rely on the Ministry of Food *and* the Local Education Authorities to go all out in partnership to implement Lord Woolton's announcement, it would take a considerable time to make school meals general, and there would be a conflict for supplies and accommodation and service workers between the authorities responsible for pushing school-feeding and those in charge of factory canteens, British Restaurants, and other emergency public services designed to ensure adequate nutrition. It has taken a year to raise the number of children getting meals at school from 150,000 to 300,000, even with the stimulus of an increased grant to the local authorities. How long will it take to expand the service from 300,000 to anything approaching five millions, which is the total number in elementary and secondary schools? How many plates, mugs, knives and forks, and other items of equipment will be needed? How many cooking-stoves and how many cooks? How many attendants, and washers-up? All, unavoidably, to be provided in competition with canteens for factory workers, miners, transport workers, evacuees, blitzed fugitives, and the general population. All the people to be found in competition with Mr. Bevin's new drive for women munition workers, the Army's drive for more A.T.S., and all the other pressing claims on our available woman-power. It would be unwise for us to throw up our hats just yet, in the belief that soon every child will be getting a square meal at school, and any inadequacy in the domestic ration in relation to body-building foods will not greatly matter. This does not mean that Lord Woolton's announcement is not to be warmly welcomed. It is to be welcomed; but we must not take it for granted that because the new policy has been adopted, the thing itself is as good as done.

* * *

School milk will probably spread faster than school meals; and there should be no great difficulty in covering most of the 40 per cent. of school-children who are not yet provided for. But there is a danger that the fears about unhealthy milk will be reinforced by the knowledge that there cannot be nearly enough bottles to go round. (Can't we, by the way, arrange to import bottles—full of something useful—from the United States, and make people return them when they have consumed the contents?) I suppose there will be enough milk to go round, during the winter period of relative shortage, or the policy would not have been announced. But I have also to suppose that this involves a substantial import of feeding stuffs, and therefore a substantial allocation of tonnage. Is enough attention being paid to those scientists who believe that this problem of winter feed could be largely solved by improved methods of grass-drying and by the extraction of protein from grass? I believe this latter problem is under scrutiny by the Agricultural Research Council; and I should like to see the experiments which are being made both extended and speeded up.

* * *

In the case of milk the Exchequer grant now stands at 100 per cent. Why should it not be at the same rate for school meals, instead of the average of 80 per cent. which Lord Woolton announced last week? There is no valid reason at the present time for trying to put part of the burden of additional services on the local authorities. Local finances, as everyone knows, are in a hopeless mess; and no-one I know of expects the local rating system, in its present form and with its present utterly unfair incidence, to survive the war. If a thing is to be done, and costs money, the right course nowadays is for the State to pay for it, instead of making a pretence of keeping down national expenditure by putting the burden on other shoulders. The local authorities have to-day no really separate body of taxable capacity to draw upon; and even a quite small fraction of the total expenditure may act as a serious deterrent when it is a question of expanding a service from covering 6 or 7 per cent. of those eligible for it to covering something near 100 per cent. The provision of free or cheap meals at schools, factory canteens, British Restaurants, and the like may serve as a valid reason for taking a stiff line against general wage-advances—provided that these benefits are generally obtainable by those who need them. If, however, reactionary local authorities are left free to evade their obligations, and impoverished authorities unable to meet them, that particular argument will fall to the ground; and we must expect renewed pressure for higher wages in the trades which have not been fortunate enough to secure substantial rises in earnings as a result of war conditions.

* * *

Last year's increase in factory accidents was alarming. Fatal accidents rose by nearly a quarter above the 1939 total, and non-fatal accidents by one-fifth. No doubt some of the increase was due to the production drive which followed the fall of France—for abnormally long hours are a common cause of a higher accident rate. Another factor is the introduction into the war trades of large numbers of workers who have not been accustomed to handling machines. But explanation is not justification. The conditions of war production call for not less, but more, provision of safety precautions; and "safety" courses ought clearly to form a regular part of the training of every new recruit who is to be brought into the war industries. This is most apt to be overlooked where training takes place, not in a regular Government Training Centre, but in a factory. For the factory management is curiously in a great hurry to get the new workers transferred to production, and so are the agents of the production ministries and the Ministry of Labour. It is often argued that, if a particular process needs only a very small amount of skill, the worker can be rushed into the production shop with only a very little training. But this is to ignore that habituation to the machine, and to the taking of reasonable precautions, is just as necessary a part of training as the acquisition of the required knowledge of the processes to be performed. Another factor in increasing the accident rate is lack of supervision; and yet another, I think, is bad lighting in factories which are either inadequately blacked out or so blacked out as to reduce daytime lighting to a dangerous level. Some increase in factory accidents is, unfortunately, to be expected; but the increases recorded in 1940 were altogether too big.

* * *

I do not much like the look of the new road transport scheme under which the Government is to have a call on an increased number of road vehicles, to be operated by the haulage industry in some sort of partnership with the Ministry of War Transport. In fact, I cannot see any case for not taking over all the main branches of the road transport service and running them directly under public control. It stands to reason that the multiplicity of separate ownerships and separate arrangements under contract must, despite the attempts at co-ordination made by the area authorities, result in a considerable waste of space. Especially the problem of the immense number of firms which do their own transport needs tackling—not least from the standpoint of stopping certain notorious leaks in the control of petrol consumption. The new area organisation which is being set up should at any rate provide the nucleus for a system of public administration at a later stage. But the road haulage industry would seem to be about the most unsuitable of all for a system of "partnership" between the State and the private firms. How can the State go into "partnership" with a quarter of a million separate entrepreneurs who hold road transport licences?

Salvage

The new drive for paper salvage comes from the Ministry of Supply, and is directed to war-purposes. The original garbage campaign captured popular imagination and then was spoilt in the execution; for collection was left to local authorities. Some of them did little. Others enlisted the help of every agency from the sanitary authorities to the Boy Scouts, collected their garbage in separate categories, and found there was nowhere to send it. This accounts for the horrifying dumps of scrap-iron and tins rusted beyond re-using, which can be seen in many towns and villages. The effort naturally died down. This paper-chase is being run on more promising lines. A non-profit-making company has been formed, representing newspapers, paper-makers, and board-manufacturers, with a small but expert staff; future collections should be properly organised. The great paper-hoards are to be found in business firms. They have to store necessary records and incidentally stack up masses of useless paper. I hear of a publishing firm who have found sixty tons of unwanted print. More important, there is no sense in permitting circulars advertising goods in which we are supposed to be economising. Then there are books: a hateful thought. We must balance here between books which we cannot part with, because we love them better than brothers; books which are readable but by us unread, which ought to be sent to the forces or to the hospitals, and those books which neither we nor anyone else will ever read, and which we should offer to Lord Beaverbrook. This category, may we protest with all emphasis, does not include local government and other archives; it does not include the materials of the nation's history. Far the greatest destruction of paper is newsprint which is used to light fires. One method of saving much now wasted paper would be to manufacture a fire-lighter which would use very little paraffin and be cheap and be re-usable. Cheap is the key-word. Lighters which demand often non-existent gas-pipes or twopence-worth of paraffin oil have no bearing upon a universal need.

A Significant Debate *(by a Parliamentary Correspondent)*

The public has no knowledge of the feeling and significance of last Thursday's debate, in which strong supporters of the Government like Noel-Baker and Colonel Wedgwood, as well as free lances like Clement Davies and Aneurin Bevan, made outspoken attacks on the conduct of the war and were congratulated by Members of all parties. This struggle to effect changes in the personnel of the Government and make the country face the urgent issues of the war is now understood on Conservative, Labour and Liberal benches.

Noel-Baker, who was careful to preface his criticisms with a full tribute to the actual aid sent to Russia, and with a vehement attack on the Communists, proceeded in a carefully phrased speech to explain why he shared "in some measure the doubts and anxieties of so many of the public." He said that "the people have an instinct, amounting to a deep conviction, that the supreme crisis of the war has now begun" and they were ready to take "grave risks for Russia." At the end of the debate Clement Davies who has consistently criticised the Government of the day for its failure to organise a maximum war effort, made a vehement attack which was applauded in the House and not once interrupted. Taking the Gort despatches as his text, he showed how members of the Chamberlain administration had misled the country in reply to critics of the inadequacy of our war production, how Kingsley Wood had said that the numbers of planes "accruing" to us equalled those accruing to the Axis. Yet

---

ADVERTISED GOODS.—The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow readers to post this paper to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but readers are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

when it came to the Battle of France Gort had only 128 planes. "I am calling attention to these matters because the answers given to us in those days were precisely the answers given to us to-day, and very largely by the same men, certainly by the same type of mind.

Again, Aneurin Bevan, reputed to be a "hot head," delivered, without the aid of a single note, a speech that was sober, devastating and trenchant. The gravamen of his attack was that Hitler had calculated upon paralysing the governing class in this country by his attack on Russia. While he was wrong in assuming that he would be able to create any fifth column in Great Britain, he had succeeded in creating a negative, passive attitude to the Russian campaign, which has converted this country into being a mere spectator of that tragedy for four months. "It is paralysis from which we suffer at the present time." His suggestion that for Halifax to inform Hitler that we could not invade Europe amounted almost to "treason" met with no cries of dissent. He ended with an indictment of the Government's production policy and a demand for the reconstruction of the Government which would eliminate "all those old, jaded, tired ministers who have been associated with disastrous policies" and would tap the inexhaustible reservoirs of talent and energy in the country, which this Government cannot do.

Government "yes" men try to explain the attacks upon the Government in two ways. One foolish theory is that the whole business is engineered by the Communists. The other rumour is that there is a subtle intrigue afoot against the Prime Minister. An attack which is supported by solid Tory back benchers like Arnold Gridley is due to failure on the part of the Government, and not to any intrigue. For Wardlaw Milne to nod his approval of points made by Clement Davies gives those points the support of his very important position as Chairman of the Select Committee on Government Expenditure. Will Churchill reconstruct his Government?

THE WAR NEARS INDIA

The Premier of Burma, Mr. U. Saw, is in London to present a demand which ought not to startle us. He asks for a plain undertaking that Burma shall become a Dominion immediately after the war. If the Government temporises (as it probably will) or refuses, he suggests that the consequences may be unpleasant and even dangerous. "Japan," as he puts it, "is very clever." This is an adroit way of recalling to our minds that the Japanese, who have domesticated the Buddhist faith in their islands and subordinated it to their own ancestral and imperial cult, have used it to establish fraternal ties with the Burmese, who might, if we follow Mr. U. Saw's train of thought, be as happy in the Japanese "Co-Prosperity" system as in the British Empire—unless, indeed, we choose to make them equal partners with the full status of a Dominion. This sharp reminder of some of the possibilities latent in the new situation in nearer Asia may be salutary if it leads our Government to review our political as well as our military defences. The battle is approaching India as well as Burma, and if the Russians should have to yield much more ground on the approaches to the Caucasus and the Caspian Sea, the mood of India might weigh in the final issue as heavily as many armoured divisions. We have pleaded in these columns since the outbreak of the war, on many grounds of policy, for the reconciliation of India. Few people in this country, where Indian news is censored and American news far from complete, have any idea how large a part India plays in American judgment of British sincerity. To have come to an understanding in India would have done more than any single act we could perform to win America's whole-hearted support and to justify our claim to leadership of a war of liberation in the eyes of people all over the world. We in Britain forget how little the world of subject peoples loves our Imperial record. We must now add another to these familiar arguments that we have always advanced. It is dangerous, as well as unworthy, to delay.

In these days of slow, meagre and censored communications, it is not easy to form a clear idea of the condition of India. The little we know is not reassuring. The princes, whom the Paramount Power maintains on their shaky thrones, are, of course, effusively loyal: industry has been expanded to supply our forces: an army of something well below a million men has been raised, and in Eritrea and elsewhere Indian troops have fought well. The number may seem large, but it is significantly small in relation to the hundreds of millions of India's population. Much of it is traditionally unwarlike, but it is a gross mistake to suppose that only the so-called martial races can fight: John Company drew largely on Bengali Brahmins for its sepoys, and for a time sturdy recruits from the depressed classes were welcomed: the Hindu Mahrattas were the dominant military power before our conquest. If we need more men and can in the future equip them, we could certainly raise in India an army of several millions of tough soldiers. But this cannot be done unless Indians believe they are fighting for their own as well as our freedom. To-day even the Sikhs hold themselves aloof. In a population so poor, men can always be found who will serve in the ranks for pay; but this war can be won only by armies which fight, as the Russians are doing, with conviction and pride and the love of freedom in their hearts. We need, especially as officers, intelligent men who respect themselves: we shall not get them until we satisfy their patriotism. The same thing is true, though it may be less obvious, of the industrial effort. Impoverished men will always work for us for wages; nor will the average Indian capitalist refuse to make a profit at our expense. But that is not what we mean by a national industrial effort. We appeal to wholly different motives in our own factories, and so do the Russians. The collective intelligence and goodwill of the Indian nation cannot be harnessed to make the most of the immense unused resources, material and human, of this Peninsula while seven of its eleven provinces are governed autocratically.

On whom and on what does Britain rely? The traditional Tory policy has always been to lean upon the Muslims. Lord Linlithgow's patronage of Mr. Jinnah's League has met with no success. Recently Mr. Jinnah ordered the Muslim Premier of Bengal to quit the advisory Council which is supposed to co-ordinate India's war-effort, and he was obeyed. This week his followers walked out of the All-India Legislative Assembly, with the intention, it seems, of staying out. The National Congress, under Mr. Gandhi's tactical guidance, adheres to its policy of protest which once, in the days when non-violence was at its summit nearly defeated Britain in India, but which now seems to many of its former adherents to have become sterile. The leading Congressmen, including Jawaharlal Nehru and a score or more of provincial ex-premiers and ministers lie in our prisons. Many thousands of their obscurer followers, turn their spinning wheels and passively wait for the light to dawn on rulers whom they will not support but cannot overthrow. From time to time the gravest warnings are addressed to the British people from men far outside the ranks of Congress, men who differ as widely as Sir Sikandar Hyat Khan, the Muslim Premier of the Punjab, and Pundit Malaviya, the veteran Hindu leader. Mr. Churchill's deplorable statement that India lies outside the scope of the world-wide promise of self-determination in the Atlantic Charter has moved the most moderate of Indians to anger and our most loyal friends to dismay. Towards this scene of hopelessness and division the Nazi Panzer Divisions steadily advance.

Is that the whole of the picture? We believe not. Something has begun to change in India since June 22. The war has swung eastwards, and this Empire is no longer the only Great Power involved on our side. We gather that a feeling is growing in the younger generation, which is not pacifist in Mr. Gandhi's sense, and also on the Left, that it is intolerable that their great nation, as the hour of her destiny approaches, should remain the passive spectator of a struggle in which her future is involved as directly as our own. A conference of Indians living in England, many of them young men and most of them adherents of Congress, met recently in London and proposed that India should in every way actively support the war-effort—if it can be done with self-respect. They believed—it is hard for us to judge—that a parallel movement on the same lines is gaining ground in India and even within Congress. If that is so, there is hope: if we are worthy of the leadership we claim, we shall welcome it and come to terms with it. Of course there must be a complete and generous amnesty. But if India is ready to fight—not for us, not for the King-Emperor, but for herself and the defeat of Nazi racialism—she will do it gladly and proudly only under a National Government of her own. We do not suggest, and never have suggested, a formal constitutional change in wartime. The thing can be done by turning the Viceroy's Council in effect into a National Cabinet and instructing him so to treat it. Only one further step would be required—to undertake that this National Government shall prepare and carry through the process of self-determination after the war in negotiation with this country, which pledges itself to respect India's decision, whatever it may be. On those terms alone can we hope for the full co-operation of India in a war that will decide her future together with our own. The British need this ally as certainly as they need Russia.

THE GESTAPO IN MÜNSTER

On July 13th Bishop Clemens August preached in St. Lambert's Church, Münster, Westphalia, a sermon from which the following extract is taken. The sermon followed the severe bombing of Münster by the R.A.F. After expressing his sympathy with those who had suffered in the raid and speaking of the religious moral to be drawn from the raids, the Bishop proceeded:

"I had intended to offer you a few meditations on that subject to-day. But now I must abandon this idea, for I see myself obliged to speak of another terrible happening that has befallen us at the end of a horrifying week.

"Münster had not yet recovered from the appalling devastation which the external enemy and military adversary has caused us, when yesterday, at the end of this dreadful week, yesterday on July 12th, 1941, the Secret State Police, the Gestapo, confiscated both houses of the Society of Jesus in the city, Sentmaring House in Weseler Street, and Ignatius House in König Street, and yesterday forced the reverend Fathers and lay brothers to leave without delay, not only their houses, not only our city, but also the province of Westphalia and the Rhine province. The same hard fate has overtaken the good sisters in Steinfurt Street. Their convent has also been confiscated; the nuns are expelled from Westphalia and must leave Münster by 6 o'clock this evening. The houses and possessions of the two orders have been sequestered for the *Gauleitung* of Northern Westphalia.

"And so we see that the assault upon monasteries which has been raging for some time already in Austria, in Southern Germany, in the recently acquired territories of Western Poland, Luxemburg, Lorraine and in other parts of the German Empire, has now been let loose on Westphalia. We must be prepared for the repetition of such terrible news in the next few days, when one monastery after the other will be seized by the Gestapo, and their inmates, our brothers and sisters, the children of our families, true German patriots, will be cast out into the streets like criminal slaves and harried out of the country like obnoxious vermin.

"And why? We are told: for political reasons! Other reasons have not been stated. No inmate of these monasteries has been accused of any offence or crime or summoned before a court or indeed sentenced. If any one of them is guilty, let him be brought before a court of justice. But should the innocent be punished, too? . . .

"Several times already, and quite recently, we have seen the Gestapo imprison blameless and honoured Germans without a verdict from the courts and without an opportunity to defend themselves. They have been deprived of their liberty, expelled from their native places and interned in various parts of the country. In the last few weeks, even, two members of my immediate council, the Cathedral Chapter, were suddenly dragged from their dwellings by the Gestapo, deported from Münster and banished to distant places, which they have been forced to accept as their domicile.

"For the last few weeks I have received no answer whatever to the protests which I sent to the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs. But this much at least was learned when I telephoned to the Gestapo. The reverend Canons are under no suspicion or accusation of a criminal act. . . . And yet they are punished with exile!

"And why? Because *I*, their Bishop, did something displeasing to the Government. When, in the course of the last two years, four vacancies in the Cathedral Chapter were filled, the Government announced in three cases that it did not approve of the appointments. Under the terms of the Prussian Concordat of 1929, interference from the Government is expressly forbidden; I therefore confirmed two of the four appointments. Let them bring me before the courts, if they think I have acted contrary to the law. . . . Every German citizen is utterly defenceless when confronted with the Gestapo. I repeat: utterly defenceless. Many of our fellow-citizens have experienced this personally during the last few years; for instance, our dear religious instructor, Friedrich, who is being held in prison without trial or sentence.

"No one of us is certain, even though he is conscious of being the truest, the most conscientious citizen, even though he knows that he is completely innocent—no one of us, I say, is certain that he will not one day be fetched out of his house, deprived of his liberty and shut up in the dungeons and concentration camps of the Gestapo.

"I am well aware that this may happen to me, perhaps to-day or on some future day. And it is because I shall then no longer be able to speak publicly that I will speak publicly to-day; I will openly warn them not to continue on this course, which I am firmly convinced will call down God's punishment on mankind and bring our people and country to misery and ruin. . . .

"The right to life, the right to inviolability and to liberty is an indispensable part of every moral social order. The State has, of course, the authority to restrict the rights of its citizens by way of punishment; but the State has this authority only as far as law-breakers are concerned, whose guilt must be established by an impartial court of justice. Any State which oversteps this divinely imposed limit, and permits or causes the punishment of innocent men, undermines its own authority. . . .

"How many German citizens are languishing in police detention, in concentration camps; how many have been banished from their native places and yet have never been condemned by a public court of justice! How many, after being exonerated by the court, or after completing their term of punishment imposed by the court, have once more been seized by the Gestapo and kept under arrest! How many have been expelled from their native homes or from their place of work! I refrain from mentioning further names to-day. The name of an evangelical pastor who, in the last war, risked his life for Germany as a German officer and submarine commander, and has been deprived of liberty for years now, is known to you all. We have the greatest respect for his courage and the bravery with which this noble German confesses to his Christian faith.

"From this example you see, dear brethren, that what I am publicly demanding to-day is not something denominational or specifically Catholic, but indeed concerns all Christians; it is a fundamental human, national and religious right.

"Justice is the foundation of the Commonwealth. With the greatest anxiety we see and deplore that to-day this foundation is being shaken; that justice, a natural and Christian virtue, which is indispensable to the ordered condition of every human community, is not being granted and maintained for all men in a clearly recognisable fashion. It is not only because the rights of the Church, the rights of the human personality, are threatened, but also because we love our people and feel deep anxiety for our Fatherland, that we beg, we ask, yes, we demand: 'Justice.' Who would not fear for the stability of a house when he sees that its foundations are being undermined? . . .

"My episcopal office, which requires that I defend the moral order, the oath, which I have sworn before God and the representative of the Government, to prevent, as far as possible, all harm which may threaten the German State, forces me to utter a public warning of the deeds of the Gestapo.

"My brethren, people will perhaps reproach me with weakening the home front of the German people through using such frank language during the war. To that reproach I make the following reply: It is not I who am the cause of any weakening of the home front, but those who, disregarding the war, disregarding the external distress of the people, here, in Münster and at this time, at the end of a week of terror from fearful hostile air raids, impose hard penalties on innocent victims without a verdict of the courts or the possibility of defence. It is these men who destroy the security of the Reich when they punish our fellow-countrymen, our brothers and sisters, deprive them of their property, cast them out into the street and banish them from the country; it is they who undermine the sense of right, it is they who weaken the trust in our Government. And, therefore, I raise my voice in the name of the honest German nation, in the name of the majesty of law, in the interests of peace and the solidarity of the home front. Therefore, as a German, as an honourable citizen, as a representative of the Christian religion and as a Catholic Bishop, I cry aloud: We demand justice! If this cry remains unheard and unheeded, if the rule of royal justice is not restored, our German nation and country will, despite the heroism of our soldiers and their glorious victories, perish from inner corruption.

"Let us pray for all those in distress, particularly for our exiled monks and nuns, for our city of Münster, that God may spare us further trials. Let us pray for our German people, for Germany and its leader: Our Father Who are in Heaven . . ."

A LONDON DIARY

It was surely daft tactics on the Communists' part to howl down Ellen Wilkinson in Trafalgar Square. The last thing they want is to give the false impression that the agitation for more active collaboration with the U.S.S.R. is Communist inspired. Actually the profound disquiet about the conduct of the war is spread throughout all classes and parties and a Trade Union delegation has just been to Moscow. The disquiet is not only among workers? No. Equally, I am assured, amongst clerks and people in the City, where you would least expect to find it. Failure to act effectively just now is breeding frustration and cynicism. The Government's case is stated in terms which drive sober people to a condition of angry bewilderment. Speeches like the incredible effort of Lord Moyne in the House of Lords last week rubbed in the impression made by Moore-Brabazon and Margesson before. Talk about amateur strategy! Here is a member of the Government saying that we are always liable to be invaded in spite of the domination of the Fleet and the supremacy of the R.A.F. over this island, and who yet denies that we could possibly invade the Continent and reminds us that it took six months to send the Army to France in 1939. No one suggested an expedition of the type of the B.E.F. of 1939 or 1914; look at the speeches of Noel-Baker and Colonel Wedgwood in the house last Thursday; look at the leaflet in dialogue form issued by the Union of Democratic Control. We must accept the view that nothing can now be done in the West; but we can not be fobbed off with these absurdities which only serve to inform Hitler that these authorities have forgotten everything and learnt nothing—not even the art of bluff.

* * *

This week meetings are being held to remind us all that a year has passed since Mussolini launched his unprovoked attack on neutral Greece. Clinging to peace, the Greeks yet responded to the Duce's challenge with contemptuous gallantry. A Greek leader to whom I talked recently, said that no question ever arose of whether the resistence of Greece was justified in terms of suffering or military value. Everyone, he said, simply took it for granted that they would fight. The Greeks are less sophisticated than the modern democracies. In military terms the Greeks may be said to have achieved this at least, that they delayed the attack on Russia by six weeks. Had Hitler struck at the U.S.S.R. in early May instead of late June, he would perhaps have reached both Leningrad and Moscow before winter hampered him. And now? To those who know the gaiety and beauty of Greece it is intolerable to picture it starving under the rule of this invader. Greece was, it is true, conquered and occupied in 1897. But what a gentle and scrupulous age that was by comparison with ours! The Turks invaded the fertile plain of Thessaly and held it for many months. Their conduct was exemplary, as a friend of mine tells me who travelled over it during their occupation—no Turcophil, for he had himself fought against them. After an inoffensive stay they marched out with bands playing and Greece was herself again. They brought with them no Procrustian bed of a New Order on which to stretch their victims. This same friend had seen the guerrilla war of those days in Crete, and even taken a hand in it. He had thought of it as a savage experience until he read of the recent German performances in those same villages on the slopes of Ida. Then an insurgent risked his own skin: to-day, under the Nazi doctrine of "collective responsibility," he stakes the lives of all his neighbours. But what he saw was, as he reminds me, irregular warfare.

* * *

I am told that the Fabian Society has now set up its new Committee for Socialist Propaganda, with the support of a number of leading people from different sections of the Labour movement, ranging from G. D. H. Cole and John Parker and Victor Gollancz to Susan Lawrence and Ellen Wilkinson and Creech Jones, and including several members of the Labour Party Executive, such as Harold Clay and Harold Laski, and a number of Trade Union and Co-operative leaders. The idea behind the new move is that the entry of Russia into the war has created a situation in which a great many people want to know more about Socialism and are ready to take a Socialist lead if it is given them, but that the Labour Party itself cannot effectively give this lead while its outstanding figures have to speak for the Government, and while the party machine is inhibited by the electional truce. In view of the names supporting the Committee, one would have supposed that it would have been assured of a warm welcome in Labour circles; but the *Daily Herald* by some error of judgment led off with a violent attack which misrepresented the purpose in view, and then, the next day, had to eat its words, and published a leading article announcing the imperative need for what it had denounced. True, the *Herald* went on to say that the job ought to be done by the party; but can it be, as matters stand? Surely the Fabian Society, which helped to found the Labour Party and is now the only Socialist body of national standing affiliated to it, has every right to initiate a campaign for spreading the knowledge of Socialism more widely. Actually, the Fabians have been forging ahead very fast of late. There are flourishing Fabian Societies in many of the big centres in Scotland and the North of England; and the new Committee proposes to begin work mainly with them as a basis. Anyone who wants to know more about this move should write to the Society at 11, Dartmouth Street, London, S.W.1. Councillor H. D. Hughes, the Secretary of the new Committee, will be very pleased to hear from those who are willing to help.

* * *

The Nazis believe in terrorism as a normal means of government—which is a good example of the way in which they differ from other people. Every country commits horrors in the necessity of war; the Nazis used the weapon of mass murder or communal responsibility, to use the less euphemistic phrase, against the Jews and other people when no plea of military necessity was possible. They hold in the most extreme form the theory that completely inhuman ruthlessness pays best. I don't believe that it does in the long run. Neither Mr. Roosevelt nor Mr. Churchill need have troubled to talk about "retribution." The Nazis are laying up that in store for themselves in Europe in any case. If the Poles and the Czechs, and the French and other outraged people get a chance, the paraphernalia of justice will be quickly dispensed with. To call retribution a "war aim" is to lapse into nursery language. What we are confronting is a world relapse into barbarism. Each barbaric action of the Nazis makes more and more difficult the task of bringing back peace and sanity. Civilisation rests on confidence amongst men with certain decencies, habits of fulfilling one's word and a preference for amicable settlement existing on both sides. Once a group of people completely repudiate these conventions, other people see no alternative but to repudiate them, too. And then a descent into anarchy is indeed hard to arrest. Therefore, though retribution is inevitable when the Nazis lose their hold on Europe, our war aim should be not retribution, but to set up conditions in which men with the mentality of gangsters will not again have a chance to start the process which wrecks human society.

* * *

Among the interesting things in Bill Shirer's *Berlin Diary*, reviewed in this paper on October 11th, are several stories which suggest that the habit of listening-in to British wireless is widespread in Germany. One of them relates that the parents of a U-boat officer were officially informed on their son's death. The parents arranged a church funeral. On the morning of the service the butcher, the grocer and finally various friends called in to tell them in strict confidence that the B.B.C. had announced that the son was among those taken prisoner from a U-boat. How were they to call off the funeral without letting the authorities know that someone had incurred the penalties of listening-in to a foreign broadcast? After a family council it was decided to go through with the funeral, and after the service the mourners gathered in the parents home and celebrated in champagne.

According to the other story, the mother of a German airman received news that her son must be presumed dead. A couple of days later the B.B.C. announced that he was a prisoner. Next day she received eight letters from friends and acquaintances telling her that her son was safe. Then, continues Shirer, "the story takes a nasty turn. The mother denounced all eight to the police for listening to a British broadcast and they were arrested. (When I tried to recount this story on the radio the Nazi censor cut it out on the grounds that American listeners would not understand the heroism of a Nazi woman in denouncing her late friends.)"

* * *

Mrs. Jarvis, who washes up for me in the country, has heard a lot more gossip lately. You may remember that last autumn in the blitz she informed me that "the Emperor of Chelmsford" had been killed. Now she has a son in the Air Force and reports that he has to work with "Polish people" and that he finds them very difficult to understand. Then she looked up at me and said: "I suppose they are not English, are they?" I agreed that this was the case. As she seemed to think it strange that they could not readily talk her language, I suggested that most of us have a limited knowledge of the Polish language. She said she knew nothing but English, but she supposed English must be a very easy language to learn. I said that some foreigners found it difficult. She was very surprised at this, saying that she thought it must be very easy, since people "all seemed to talk it everywhere." Except, she said, some Scottish soldiers nearby, who did not really talk English, and Lancashire people don't seem to talk English properly, do they? She had also heard it said that there were some Germans about. She seemed incredulous of this. Mrs. X, who lived at such and such a farm, was supposed to be German, she said, but then she was really quite a nice lady. Mrs. Jarvis is no halfwit and has lived all her life within 40 miles of London; she was educated at a state school.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Rev. H. T. Wisdom.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Greenwich Borough Council have asked residents not to put skins of oranges, lemons, grapefruit and bananas in their kitchen waste bin.—*News Chronicle.*

Villagers, who were recently accused of not wanting to take in evacuees from London, are now objecting to their burial in the same churchyard as the residents.—*Evening Standard.*

BOOKS BOOKS BOOKS

The man who reads is the man who leads.

If the eyes are the mirror of the soul, books are food for the mind.

We have large stocks of books inside on the following subjects:

Sex Harmony, Flagellation, Birth Control, The Male Body, The Female Body, Artistic Studies. Also the works of Paul Renin, Lamonte, etc.—A poster filling the window of a shop in the Midlands.

What is the purpose of life? The answer to this question has just been solved and is of course of the highest importance. Everyone may know it by sending whatever he or she feels right to.—Advertisement in *Peace News.*

Jean Layton, the solo violinist, played a number of delightful pieces by Handel, Grieg and Brahms, including melodies written many years ago, which still have a charm when so admirably played.—*Herts and Cambridge Reporter and Royston Crow.*

FROM THE URALS

UNLIKE armies, industries cannot retreat. Their dispositions are fixed, and their part in Grand Strategy is predetermined. The Ankara stories of trainloads of machinery withdrawing eastwards from the Donbas are of little significance for Russia's capacity to supply and equip the armies reforming behind Moscow; even if they are true, months must pass before plant can be installed, provided with power and raw materials and become productive. The Soviet Union's existence depends not on improvisation, but on the success of the three Five-Year Plans in creating a war industry in the Urals, able to keep an army in the field to harry the enemy in a winter campaign and force him, with whatever allied assistance is available, into retreat. General Kutuzov fell back south of Moscow in order to provision his army in the Ukraine; Lenin, recognising the future mechanisation of war as he did of agriculture, planned the war industry of the Urals to meet the similar circumstances in which the Soviet armies find themselves to-day.

The science of mechanised war admits a quantitative analysis which gives reasonably accurate results. Pierre Cot recently published in New York a man-hour comparision of the French and German aircraft industries which explains the certainty with which, at the appropriate hour, the German High Command *knew* that the *Luftwaffe* could smash the *Armée de l'Air*. So with the Urals, it is possible despite incomplete data, to assess the strength of the armies which its war industries can support. From the Kusnetsk Basin (Kusbas) in Siberia to the Ural chain, a self-sufficient war industry has been developed which has been working at war-speed since 1937, when the Commissariat for Defence Industry was formed. Magnitogorsk, a town of 400,000 inhabitants, has the largest iron and steel works in Europe, the Magnitogorsk Combine, using Kusnetsk coal. At Kusnetsk, the Stalin Iron and Steel works use Magnitogorsk iron ore. The coal production of the Kusbas during 1940 was approximately 25,000,000 tons, of Chelyabinsk, 5,000,000 tons; of Karaganda, 5,000,000 tons; of Eastern Siberia, 4,000,000 tons; and of the Donbas, 81,000,000 tons. Remembering that the Donbas supplied the bulk of the coal for the war industries of Western Russia, and that the coal of the Kusbas and Eastern Siberia has been used or stored exclusively for the industry of the Urals, we can infer that the fuel consumption and output of the Heavy Industry of the Urals and Eastern Siberia is approximately half that of Western Russia. As an illustration, the Chelyabinsk Tractor Plant, alone, produced in 1939 23,000 tractors, equal to 25 per cent. of the Soviet Union's annual tractor production. For 25 per cent. of tractor production we may read 25 per cent. tank production. Now add to this the output of the Urals Freight Car Building Works at Tagil, which in 1939 produced over 120,000 two-axle cars, equalling the whole of similar production elsewhere in the Soviet Union. Translating freight cars into mechanised transport, we see that this plant is theoretically able to supply an army comparable in size with those formerly engaged between Leningrad and the Black Sea. This assessment excludes the tank output of Stalingrad on the Upper Volga, which in 1939 produced almost 30 per cent. of Russia's tractors, and the Gorki automobile plant, the largest in the Union.

The Bexrezneki Chemical Works, the Krasnouralsk, the Revdensk copper combines and the Ural Machinery works (which employs 30,000 workers and supplies the region with machine tools) are representative of the fully matured industries established under the Five-Year Plans which have connected the iron, asbestos, bauxite, nickel and potash of the Urals with Kusbas coal, Kazakhstan copper, and still farther east, with Karaganda coal, thus forming a chain of defence industry with vitally important interchangeable links.

Intensive oil extraction in Bashkiria and the Emba region has produced an annual yield, equal to 10 per cent. of the Soviet Union's total oil production. The Guryev-Orsk pipe line carries 700,000 tons of oil annually, including Syzran oil from which aviation spirit is extracted, not enough to supply fully the needs of a fighting air force, but a valuable supplement to the storage tanks, known to exist in Western Siberia. The main aircraft factories east of Moscow, at Gorki, Fili, Voronezh, Tomsk and Irkutsk, all suffer from aluminium shortage, as the Soviet Union's main source of native aluminium was Volkhov, near Leningrad, and in the Ukraine. Stalinogorsk in the Urals also produces aluminium, but in restricted quantities. Russia's aircraft industry will gradually become ineffective during the winter through lack of raw materials; the Red Air Force which sustains the morale of the Red Army in the same way as the R.A.F. raised the morale of British civilians will need a stream of aircraft from the allies and the U.S.A. as well as supplies of aluminium to keep it in action.

It is reasonable to infer that the Urals will be able to provide current equipment and supplies for a westward-facing army, half the size of Russia's first line army which was estimated at 4,000,000, provided that there is a continuous stream of British and American help in certain raw materials, machine tools and actual weapons of war.

Will there be an army adequate for this equipment? The Soviet armies, battered but unbroken, will retire to the Urals in fighting order, where they will be joined by the Siberian reserves whose mobilisation and training has only now been completed. These belong to the most determined fighters of the U.S.S.R., because they are in part the young Communist pioneers who developed Siberia under the Plans and built cities like Komsomolsk, the City of Youth; in part, the formerly oppressed minorities like the Uzbeks, Kalmuks, Armenians, Kabardino-Balkarians and Bashkirians, who owe their liberation to the Soviet Government. Hitler's propaganda can't reach them as it reached the Germans of the Volga German Republic, who were recently resettled *en masse* in Eastern Siberia. At one time the German Evangelical Church had a concordat with the Soviet Government, and sent missionaries, bibles and tracts for the education of the Volga Germans and the German colonies in Leningrad and the Baltic fringe. Hitler used some of these missionaries as spies and propagandists in the same way as he has elsewhere used commercial specialists and tourists. Were this war a crusade for Communism or military glory the Soviet Government could perhaps have trusted the mass of the German colonists who have proved themselves loyal Soviet citizens. But the Soviet army in retreat is fighting a national war, identified for some with national Communism and the sacrifices of twenty years whose fruits they would rather destroy than yield to the invader, for all, however, with love for the Russian or the Soviet Fatherland. The Volga agricultural region is an extension of the Ural-Kusbas defence axis, and now that the Soviet Government has withdrawn to Kubyshev, its drastic removal of the 400,000 Volga Germans to insure against a stab in the back at a time when millions of homeless Soviet citizens are slowly moving eastward before the Germans, loses in relative harshness.

Hitler's main weapons against the Soviet regime as such have been Ukrainian and anti-Semite propaganda. After the Revolution the Ukrainian nationalist movement in Russia was led by General Skoropadsky and protected by the German army. The Soviets won the Civil War which this party provoked, and the Ukrainian workers and peasants learnt something during its course of what to expect if the Tsarist landlords should return to the Ukraine. Hitler kept Skoropadsky in Berlin supplied with funds against the Day. Ukrainian separatism will find support from the descendants of the Kulaks; the nationalism of the workers and peasants will remain bound to the generous life of the Soviet Ukraine.

Anti-Semitism is usually a safe bet in propaganda. Hitler will certainly have success with it among the ex-Kulaks and the other relics of the old regime whom he will dig out of their mildew to act as leaders of his New Russia. With the Soviet generation he will have no success. The young Jews of Russia have shown on the battlefield and in the factories that, given not tolerance but human dignity, relieved of traditional fears and free of the economic and social ostracism which produces what is ugliest and basest in men, they can play a proper part in society. Hitler will need a complete generation of miseducation before he can make racial persecution ("cannibalism," as Molotov called it) attractive to Russian youth.

The reverses of Russian armies might be expected to weaken faith in Soviet political leadership. The adjustment of outlook necessary for the average Soviet citizen on August 30, 1939, was only matched by the re-adjustment on June 22, 1941. But he has the habit of trust in his leaders. There were days of despair under the Five-Year Plans as there are to-day. The Russian is patient, will suffer, work, hope and obey instructions. Russia's political unity will not disintegrate as long as there is unity among the leaders. Germans have seized Kiev before; they have held Odessa and occupied Rostov. Orel fell to Denikin, and the Soviet Government was ready to flee. "Where would you have fled?" an interviewer asked Lenin. "To the Urals," he answered, "to continue the fight."

MAURICE EDELMAN

PAY AND ALLOWANCES

THE Debate on the new proposals for the payment of allowances to the families and dependants of serving men raises two issues of major importance. First, how far is the Government wise in waiting for the development of a public agitation before plans are forthcoming for the remedying of legitimate grievances? And secondly, what action will do real justice to the people concerned, in view of the hostile reception of the new scheme by the House? It is true, I believe, that infinite damage has been done, not to the War effort, but to the goodwill which must exist between the people and the Executive if the machine is to work smoothly, by the failure of the Government to undertake an examination of the circumstances of serving men's families with a view to fair treatment, until forced into doing so by public demand.

At the outbreak of war the Government recognised that compulsory military service created a vast problem in the payment of allowances in view of the widely varying home circumstances of the men called up for service. The War Service Grants Committee was set up to advise the Minister of Pensions, which was made responsible, within certain limits, for the policy imposed by the Treasury and administration. At that time, to the outside world, the Government had satisfactorily solved its problem and adequately met its obligation, but to those intimately connected with the working of the scheme as well as to the Voluntary Organisations handling the actual human side from day to day in the towns and in the villages, the inadequacies in many cases of the allowances and the inexcusable delays before grants were recommended became early apparent.

The power of the War Service Grants Committee to make individual recommendations was narrowly limited, and requests for Treasury concessions could be blocked by the Minister's right to reject advice, a right which he himself has admitted he did not hesitate to exercise. Under these terms of reference grants to the vast majority of applicants on a basis of an adequate standard of living became an impossibility. Hence the results demonstrated by the survey undertaken by the London Council of Social Service.

The delays in the awarding of grants which have perhaps contributed more than any other factor to the general dissatisfaction, and the failure to review the early awards when favourable changes of policy were introduced, have not been the responsibility of the War Service Grants Committee and not necessarily that of the Minister. But it is a challenge to the Government's powers of organisation if justice cannot be done and emergency hardship relieved because quick-working machinery could not be devised.

The position, therefore, was or should have been quite apparent to the Government, had they eyes to see, that the machinery they had created could not and did not fulfil its function. A request for a Report from the War Service Grants Committee, the Ministry of Information, the Soldiers and Sailors Families Associations, the British Legion, the Councils of Social Service, the Citizens' Advice Bureaux, the Army Welfare Organisation would have provided overwhelming evidence of legitimate dissatisfaction at the way in which the Government was providing for the wives and families of Service men.

The Government, however, preferred to wait until the growing discontent could no longer be held in check. Criticism was bitter and widespread; the views of the men themselves in the Service began to be known; parliamentary and public opinion became persistent in its demand for action; and at last the Government instructed the Minister of Pensions to formulate proposals which were embodied in a White Paper and presented to the House of Commons only to be condemned from all sides of the House. I assert with confidence that had the White Paper been presented twelve or even six months ago, with a promise that the faults in administration would be corrected, they would have been welcomed as a reasonable solution of a very difficult and complicated problem. This brings me to my second point. What is to be the fate of the present proposals? I feel certain that the basis on which it is proposed to make the grants would be generally acceptable to those who have an intimate knowledge of the question. There has been no serious challenge to the principles which have been in operation for two years, though the actual financial restrictions may be open to question. It would be regrettable if parliamentary pressure through exasperation were to insist on the withdrawal of the White Paper before the new scheme with its much more generous finance is tried out. Its success or failure, in my view, depends on the ability of the administrative machine to deal quickly with new applications, and to adjust to the new terms the present live awards, as well as to make provision for dealing speedily with emergency applications.

It might be advisable to enlist the co-operation of all the interested organisations by the calling of a Conference, and at the same time invite their criticisms and their comments. The Government is far too unappreciative of the value to the war effort of Voluntary Organisations whose experienced services are always at the service of the Administration should they be required.

To sum up and to learn a lesson for the general from the particular, public opinion rarely in this country demonstrates its views on a false issue, particularly in relation to Home affairs. But it does demand leadership, and is aggressively critical when it is not forthcoming. Leadership involves planning in advance, and a constant appreciation of the legitimate needs of the country. It requires action after full and quiet consideration, not at the dictates of public opinion.

IRENE WARD
(Conservative M.P. for Wallsend)

WASTE NOT

IT is a curious fact that, though the words "waster" and "wastrel" are names for a ne'er-do-well, and though "Waste not, want not" is one of the first proverbs to be dinned into the ears of children, the English people have for generations continued to be the most wasteful nation on earth. No other nation has so enjoyed the activities of waste. Take fiction, and you will find that as a rule a spendthrift cuts a much better figure than a man who takes care of the pence in the hope—often vain—that the pounds will take care of themselves. The Scotchman became a music-hall joke in England because he was believed, quite wrongly, to prefer saving his bawbees to banging his saxpences. Nor was this love of waste confined to the rich—the nabobs of the eighteenth century and the financial and industrial magnates of the nineteenth. It affected even the poorest, who would throw away food that a French farmer's wife would have turned into soup. It even spread to the Irish—one of the most naturally economical of all races. Some years ago I called on an old woman in a cottage near Enniscorthy who made a little money out of providing teas, and having heated the pot, she began emptying spoonfuls of tea into it. As there were only two of us, we tried to stop her after the fourth spoonful or so, pleading even that we liked tea rather weak. She went on throwing tea into the pot, however, saying with determination: "I'll make it good and you can spoil it for yourselves." Obviously she would have felt guilty of meanness if she had given a stranger tea less potent than the brew that she regarded as ideal. It did not matter to her that most of the tea was wasted. She preferred being a spendthrift to being ungenerous.

An odd thing is that, in spite of my "Waste not, want not" upbringing, I liked her the better for it. How much pleasanter it is to get a pot of tea from the hands of such a wastrel—provided there is plenty of hot water with which to spoil it—than from those of an economist who has bought the cheapest tea in the market, and who will put no more of it in the pot than will slightly discolour the water. In most matters of food and drink we prefer those who give us too much to those who give us too little. Is there a single good host in literature who did not treat his guests to superfluities? There is nothing like an atmosphere of waste for making a dinner-table look cheerful. Good restaurants, too, owe their reputations not only to the quality of their cookery, but to the lavishness of their meals. It is sometimes maintained that a *gourmet* is not a *gourmand*, and that the true gourmet likes small and simple dishes. From my own experience of gourmets I should say that most of them enjoy sitting down at a thoroughly wasteful table. It is so, at least, I think, in England. A surplus of food and a surplus of drink are part of a gourmet's paradise.

The wastefulness of the English, however, is not confined to the small circle of the gourmets. As a nation, the English will resort to wastefulness even when wastefulness destroys the flavour of food. For many years one of the bees in my bonnet has been buzzing against the English custom of peeling potatoes before boiling them. I have raged against this like a Hebrew prophet, or as nearly like a Hebrew prophet as I could manage. If I had had more wisdom, I now see, I should have realised long ago that the object of peeling potatoes before boiling them is simply to waste food. The taste of the potatoes vanishes, and the vitamins or calories, or whatever they are, are diminished; but, since there is no more wasteful way of cooking potatoes, the English race forgoes the pleasures of the palate and peels away for all it is worth. In presence of this passion for waste, the Ministry of Food is helpless. During war, Cabinet Ministers themselves continue to live imaginatively in the old wasteful world. Quite recently Captain Margesson spoke about the jobs that women could do for the armed forces, and one of the jobs he mentioned—to the amazement, surely, of Lord Woolton—was peeling potatoes. This is the sort of thing that drives reformers to the edge of despair.

In some families, I have been told, children used even to be taught to be wasteful, and that it was good manners to leave some food, however excellent, on the plate at the end of the meal. The natural child is an economist, who, when it is pleased with a dish, will scrape a plate again and again with the spoon even after it is empty. How heavy a burden of responsibility rests on the parent or nurse who discourages this virtue! Such childish economy is put down to greed, and it is warned—or apparently used to be—against the danger of scraping off the pattern in the middle of the plate. Such patterns are no longer popular, but parents may have found new ways of encouraging wastefulness in the young. Certainly parents themselves are royally wasteful. If you go to a banquet in peacetime, you will see enough food left on the plates to keep a pig-farm going. We used to hear of the dogs that ate the crumbs that fell from their masters' tables. But these are no crumbs. Added together, they are mountains of good fish, good lamb, good chicken, good vegetables, good ices and good bread. At a good English banquet, a banquet is always left over from the banquet. If this did not happen, it would not be regarded as a good banquet. As for the wine that is left undrunk in the glasses, it is a disgrace to a liberal civilisation. I have sometimes thought that it ought to be against the law for a guest to leave any wine at the bottom of his various glasses. But many men would rather waste wine than drink it. They are like the men who used to go round public-houses with their friends, and, though accepting round after round of whisky, would get rid of it secretly in the aspidistra pot. To-day, fortunately, wastefulness of this kind would lose a man all his friends.

Wastefulness, however, exists in other matters besides food and drink. Our very clothes are boastful of waste. We go on wearing millions of unnecessary buttons on our sleeves, and tailors would do well during this period of economy to abolish the lowest waistcoat button, which has for so many people become superfluous. Waistcoats themselves are held by some to be unnecessary, and the multitude of our pockets is merely a temptation to turn them into miniature dustbins and wastepaper baskets. Our evening-dress trousers are defaced with unnecessary braid, and how wasteful it is that men should be condemned to possess tails as well as a dinner-jacket. Modern civilisation, however, revels in superabundance of this kind. Women's fashions, so far as I can see, are nothing but an excuse for an orgy of spending. They have been defended on the score of beauty, but I doubt whether most of them would be considered beautiful if they did not proclaim the spirit of waste.

One of the most convincing proofs, perhaps, of the extent to which the spirit of waste prevailed in Victorian England was the fact that the ordinary notepaper of the time was a sheet of four pages. Now, no one in his senses, unless he was in love or writing home to the family from abroad, would want to write a letter four pages long. I myself usually got to the bottom of the first page only with a struggle. Still, however short the letter—even if it ran to no more than two sentences—no one except an extreme economist ever dreamt of tearing the blank pages off and making use of them later. Paper was something made to be wasted, like matches or bread or water. To a Victorian, the prospect of an England in which it would become a virtue to save paper would have been profoundly depressing. In those days we did not even save old fruit tins or boxes. There has been no squandering like ours since the beginning of time.

Hence it seems to me that Lord Beaverbrook has undertaken an uphill task in his campaign for persuading the people of England to save paper. So ingrained is the dislike of saving that many local authorities, it is said, are reluctant to collect paper from those who have saved it. That this is so seems likely, as some newspapers are now inviting readers who find difficulty in getting their waste paper collected to write to them about it. Saving, indeed, which is encouraged in high places appears to be discouraged in places not so high.

The truth is, saving is a pleasure to few people except those who are miserly or unselfish, and the ordinary man is neither. I myself have never found it possible to save. If it is a question between taking a bus or a taxi, and I have the money for a taxi in my pocket, I cannot persuade myself to take the bus by repeating to myself the wise saying that many a mickle makes a muckle. I should like to have the muckle, but not at the cost of perpetually thinking about the mickles. (Scotchmen say, by the way, that this proverb is nonsense, since "muckle" and "mickle" mean the same thing; but in England "mickle" has come to mean something about the size of a penny or a sixpence.) I regard this spendthrifting of the mickles on my part, however, not as a grace, but as a grave weakness, due to a lack of the mathematical sense which would enable me to compute exactly how many mickles make a muckle, and to be impressed by the resultant sum. This wastefulness, I see, is mere self-indulgence, and the savers, not the spenders, are the people who deserve our envy and our admiration. Saving, I think, may even be more enjoyable than spending. I have felt this recently since I began to save empty cigarette packets and old newspapers. I already get what is called a kick out of it, such as I used to get out of wasting money on nougat when I was a boy. And the great thing about this kind of saving is that it does not turn one into a miser, since one gives one's savings away. The truth is, it is one of the least costly ways of distributing largess ever invented. Spendthrifts and economists alike, please note.

Y. Y.

THE AIRMAN

I do not know—would that I knew !—
To what end I have learnt this skill,
Or why I climb each day into the sky
To find one who shall kill me, or to kill.
If only we might think it true
That it's a simple thing to die
In a good cause—both he and I !
But that's not so. Too well we know
It's the old game that was played first by Cain,
By Greek and Trojan, English, French, and
Scot,
Again and yet again,
And all—for any good the world has got—
Except for the game's sake, always in vain.
Then to no end, for no cause, without hate,
We two shall meet among the clouds, and fall,
Since to our death, one or both, fall we must.
And yet, can that be all ?
Out of the dust of him who dies
This time let no avenger rise ;
But somehow, some day, soon or late,
Since all things change and wax and wane,
And happiness is the child of pain,
May it not be that those born after,
Because we lived and fought and died,
Led by hope, not by hate or pride,
Shall grow wise and return to laughter ?

R. C. TREVELYAN

THE MOVIES

" Alexander Nevsky," at the Tatler.

" International Squadron," at Warner's.

The Stoll Theatre was packed on Sunday afternoon for a programme of " Soviet Arts on the Screen," arranged by the Society for Cultural Relations with Russia. The shorts included ballet, opera, an art exhibition, Shostakovitch playing his piano concerto, a propaganda cartoon, songs varying from the traditional Georgian ballad to a music-hall act written and performed by railway workers, and the latest newsreel from the Eastern front. Much of this, of course, was pre-war, not meant for export ; we were given interesting glimpses, from which (as from so many glimpses of activities in U.S.S.R.) it would be impossible to generalise. The scenes from a film version of *Rigoletto*, for example, were magnificent both in voices and decor ; the storeys-high effigy of Lenin looked impressive if only as a piece of civic achievement ; the paintings in the Moscow art exhibition were banal in the extreme. The label " Socialist realism " was attached to the last, but to a Western eye these tableaux from the Revolution, portraits of Stalin and historic battle-pieces were indistinguishable from Royal Academy realism. The Russians have never had a genius for painting, and what was true of their nineteenth-century artists seems as true or truer to-day. It is refreshing to turn from the lifeless canvas, here, of Alexander Nevsky triumphing over the Teutons, to the film of the same subject which starts a run at the Tatler this week.

Eisenstein's *Alexander Nevsky*, completed in 1938, and held over during the appeasement years, appears now with a message terribly underlined by events. This invasion by the Teutonic Knights, in 1242, and their defeat by Prince Alexander Nevsky on Lake Peipus, is in many ways the most remarkable historical film I have seen. It is not so much "Socialist realism" as the living peasant tradition in Russia that has made it possible for Eisenstein to embody with dramatic conviction a period as remote as our own Saxon times. No such continuity exists between the England of 1941 and the England, say, of Hereward ; one can imagine how appalling would be the attempt by an English film director to put a *Hereward the Wake* on the screen. Eisenstein has succeeded in making of his hero as vital a figure as any in *Potemkin* or *Storm Over Mexico ;* as the invader approaches he rallies to battle the peasants and townsmen who joggle down the streets of small towns (Pskov and Novgorod) white-walled in the sun ; their line strings out over the snow ; they await the enemy on the frozen lake. The landscape, the homely detail and the heroic story are wonderfully knit together ; and not only the camera, but Prokoviev's music, impresses on us the clanging bells of the town and the mournful emptiness of winter landscapes.

The battle itself, which one had feared might miss the reality of the rest of the film, is thrillingly achieved, and Eisenstein has equipped his Teuton Knights with the shining weapons and grotesque vizors that convey just the right sense of menace. The advancing phalanxes have more than a hint of panzer divisions. There are crosses on the white cloaks ; that was a crusade as Hitler's is to-day. The parallel with the present is never overstressed, and " Socialist realism " only distorts a little in the satirical heads of priests among the crusaders. Produced at any time, *Alexander Nevsky* would have been a massive and stirring film. A number of shorts are also being shown at the Tatler ; war cartoon, newsreel, scenes of the defence of Odessa, reconstructed incident of the capture of a Nazi strong point. This is the first programme of a season of Soviet films.

Hollywood's best this week is *International Squadron.* It's all about an American air-circus ace who comes to England and gets caught up into the war. He's fond of showing the R.A.F. how to do it. After getting two friends killed through his pranks he bombs an important objective in France and gets killed himself. He had, by the way, broken quite a few feminine hearts in his playboy career. " A great guy ! " say his comrades as the empty glass is turned down on the mantlepiece. The scenes of flying and of a fighter station are well photographed.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

" Distant Point," at the Westminster Theatre.

The sincerity of *Distant Point* enlists our sympathies immediately. Here is an honest picture of a tiny community of Soviet citizens on a railway station where the expresses seldom stop, somewhere on the vast track 6,000 kilometres from Moscow and more than 2,000 from Vladivostok. The feeling of the stationmaster and a little group round him that they man a small outpost of a great country for which they have fought and which now belongs to them and which they can rebuild into something greater, is one of the most genuine things in the world. The drama turns on the arrival of a Red Army leader who is so soon to die of cancer and who seeks immortality only in his work : his creed is challenged by a disillusioned and drunken " sectarian deacon."

That this play is not altogether a success is due to bad production. Mr. Van Gyseghem has never captured a moment's atmosphere from the beginning of the play to the end. Take the second act in the forest, which is in many ways the best. Everyone behaves as if they were in a drawing-room. The stumps of trees are so many chairs, the wood fire remains an incongruous electric stove which has somehow strayed into the open instead of being a centre round which an eager group of excited people sit and listen to the old peasant telling traditional folk tales. Her story is received as if it were an anecdote at a cocktail party which had somehow failed to click. So it is throughout. The first act drags because each actor declaims his lines without any genuine contact with any of the others.

There is only one exception to this criticism. Mr. Esme Percy as the disillusioned sectarian who has lost God and not found Communism, acts superbly and so strenuous is his effort to establish contact that he dwarfs the other characters. Individually Arthur Hambling does well as the stationmaster ; Guy Verney, Christopher Willard and Edmund Willard have good moments, while Mary Morris is a singularly attractive and interesting figure.

I wish I had seen the performance at the Unity Theatre. I suspect that Herbert Marshall, who understands Russian production, made a better thing of it. First nights are never a very fair test and it may be that the actors, who are individually good enough, may yet be able to pull the performance together and behave as if they were real people who had met before.

Correspondence

PRODUCTION AND WAR

SIR,—Whilst not wishing to associate myself with " the small boy who sought to teach his Mother to suck eggs," nevertheless your correspondent who states emphatically that it is impossible to maintain a factory working seven days a week by employees doing six days' work must necessarily lay himself open to criticism and correction.

It is assumed from Mr. Garrard's remarks that six days per week means the equivalent of six days' work in hours which may be worked either through the day or through the night, and that it does not mean just six days' work in the day-time. Anything from 47–56 hours may be considered a reasonable equivalent to six days' work.

While we take no credit for the invention of a new shift system, we are not aware of such a system having been used in industry before. This system, which has now been in operation at this factory for three months, is most successful, and takes into account all those difficulties of transport which are accentuated by black-out conditions and air raids, which Mr. Garrard mentions, and, moreover, allows the men ample leisure time to spend at home to carry out their shopping, gardening and other pursuits. The men themselves like the system, and the output of work has increased considerably since it was introduced in place of the two-shift system of 12 hours, which itself was introduced to replace the three-shift system of eight hours, which it was necessary to abandon on account of the difficulty of shift changes at 10 or 11 p.m. during the air raids that we suffered last winter.

The system now in operation consists of three-shift personnels, but only two shifts are worked in each period of 24 hours, the changeover taking place at 6 p.m. and 9 a.m. only. Thus a night shift of 15 hours (6 p.m. to 9 a.m.) is followed by a day shift of nine hours (9 a.m. to 6 p.m.). If the three personnels follow each other in strict rotation it will be observed that each of these works alternately a night shift followed by a day shift followed by a night shift, and so on, with a complete break of 24 hours between each shift, and night work occurs once every three nights. Further, it will be noticed that no enforced change is necessary in order to prevent the same shift personnel always working the same period—for example, Saturday night or Sunday daytime—week in and week out. The rota changes automatically each week for three weeks, when the whole cycle is completed. The hours worked by each shift personnel will differ each week for three weeks, and are 63 hours, 57 hours and 48 hours respectively, which thus make an average of working hours per week over the three weeks of 56 hours.

The system as outlined above suffers from two main defects : the long night shift of 15 hours would be entirely unsuitable to a factory where the men are employed on routine or mass production work, where undoubtedly the efficiency would be likely to decrease during the latter hours of this long night shift ; and further, from the point of view of payment it is perhaps more expensive than the usual three-shift system on account of the large number of hours of overtime, if overtime is based, as it should be, on a shift period of eight hours. While I do not think that this system is suitable for all factories engaged upon different types of work, I do suggest that if its defects are borne in mind it can be adapted to a very large number of operations where the work is not of such a nature that it becomes monotonous or even too arduous for a prolonged shift of 15 hours, and it is in the hope that it may be in the national interest that I bring this system to your notice and publicity.

ERIC A. BEVAN,
Technical Manager.
Beck, Koller & Co. (England) Ltd.,

NARVIK—NORWAY

SIR,—Please allow me to point out a small historical error in the article " Amateur Strategists," in your issue of October 25. Your contributor refers to " the experience of Narvik, Dunkirk, Greece and Crete," and speaks of these four as examples of ill-equipped and inadequately led expeditions. If he had referred to the Norwegian campaign as a whole, then he was right in bracketing it with the other three. The small and ill-equipped British forces inadequately supported from the air which were landed at Aandalsnes and Namos met disaster despite the individual gallantry of the men concerned. Narvik, in the north, was the scene of three brilliant offensives. The first was the naval action by the destroyer flotilla under Commander Warburton-Lee, for which he received a posthumous V.C. ; the second, the naval offensive, with stronger forces, which wiped out the German flotilla ; and the third the combined operations which, after hard fighting, led to the complete rout of the German garrison and the capture of this important strategical point.

The latter campaign, of which little has been heard, was well conceived and well executed. The four sections of the land forces, British, French, Poles and Norwegians, worked perfectly together, with good naval and air co-operation.

One of the unexplained mysteries of this war is why, when we had won this satisfying victory, we promptly evacuated the place ! How useful it would be just now ! Attempts in the House of Lords to elicit information have been unavailing. I suspect the explanation is the general panic in the Higher Command in London at that time over the French capitulation.

I hope you will allow me to point out the misuse of the word Narvik when Norway should be referred to. I find the mistake is very commonly made.

Strabolgi

STARS, CROWNS AND BATONS

Sir,—I should be the last person to contend that all is well in the Army. I do, however, hold the view that in the Army to-day we have at the top a group of keen, far-sighted and brilliant men who are urgently seeking with all the means at their command to raise the Army to such a pitch of all-round efficiency that it will be able to blot out the memory of its recent "failures." These men, the Baton and Sword Brigade, are, as a whole (there may possibly be an occasional misfit), the men best fitted for the tremendous task they have been entrusted with. Down below, among the subalterns, captains and majors are innumerable, eager, hard-working and well-informed men who are capable of receiving the directions of the Generals, and of translating those directions into vivid action.

The majority of the muddles and inefficiencies can, in my opinion, be directly traced to the men who stand between the Generals and the junior officers; these men are mostly full Colonels or Brigadiers. The reason for the existence of this dull strata in the rich ore of our present Army is not difficult to find.

These ranks are mostly filled by Regular Army men, many brought back from retirement at the beginning of the War. They are mostly out of date, and incapable of making those rapid readjustments which are so vital now. They often climbed the slow ladder of promotion by seniority after years of service during which the lessons of the last war were being digested. They have, therefore, the last-war mentality strongly developed. Many of them have become firmly entrenched in various departments of the vastly expanded War Office, others are to be found with units all over the country. Some have already fallen by the wayside as a result of the Battle of France, and others may now be feeling the cold air of criticism blowing their way.

As examples of the present Army leadership, let me instance three examples, two of which are fairly well known. First the recent Pamphlet, "The Soldier's Welfare—notes for Officers" (114/General/7752). No one who has read this, and every officer in the Army has been given a copy, can fail to be impressed by the comprehension shown of the worries, both military and private, which may beset the ordinary civilian-soldier, and by the wisdom of the general guidance which is laid down to assist officers.

Second, there is the new "Current Affairs in the Army" development and the creation of A.B.C.A. This startling, new movement for general education in citizenship comes to us with the blessing of the C.I.G.S. It is early days yet to say how the new scheme will work, but in my unit, A.B.C.A. has got off to a flying start, in spite of the fact that all the men put in a good 10-hour working day, seven days a week, and many officers work 12-14 hours at a stretch. Thirdly, there are the brilliant "Army Training Memoranda," a copy of which comes to every officer every month. These pamphlets often contain 50–60 pages, printed in clear, easy type, and packed with facts, figures, instructions, ideas and advice.

If every junior officer to-day does his job as he should, and keeps himself up to date with the information and ideas which pour in a continuous flood from the General Staff, he has got to use every ounce of his brains and energy. But things would, I believe, be much better if a number of senior Colonels and Brigadiers could be given Knighthoods in return for their past services and retired on full pay for the duration of the war.

Major

"ARMS AND THE MAN"

Sir,—As the Company Commander accused by your correspondent "Home Guard" of making the Home Guard unhappy by my inadequacy, I think I am entitled to a published word in reply.

"Home Guard" is not a member of the Home Guard. He is a retired Army Surgeon. A brave man and a good chap; very patriotic, but with bees in his bonnet. There are, as he well knows, no scoutmasters, gamekeepers or poachers in this district with experience of guerilla warfare. Nor if they had it, would any one of them be competent, or willing, to administer, train and command a company consisting of nine widely scattered parishes.

Experience in guerilla warfare is rare; but fighting experience as a machine-gunner in the last war, some imagination, and a keen study of much that has been written about it by men like Tom Wintringham, goes quite a way towards making up for lack of experience. For six months now the Home Guard here have concentrated on field-craft and guerilla tactics. But "Home Guard" cannot get over his grievance that last winter we taught the men musketry and drill, to give the units cohesion and lay the only basis for effective field-training. Incidentally, the "inadequate" Platoon Commander referred to (keen and hardworking) was elected unanimously by his platoon.

If, instead of crabbing our work and bombarding the other officers mentioned and myself with astonishingly rude letters about our inadequacy, he would try to encourage the men in his own parish to come and be trained, he would be doing his country greater service. And that, after all, is what he is after.

L. E. Jones

SQUARE PEGS

Sir,—I am a scenic artist and designer used to large-scale theatrical planning and painting, and through being grade four have been rejected by the Services and for camouflage work, and am now waiting to be called to do national service of some sort.

My friend, who is a school master in a secondary school, has been running, with the assistance of his parents, a 90-acre farm for the past three years in his "spare time," travelling 15 miles to school each way daily. This year for the first time he has shown a small profit per acre and has also a thriving herd of sheep. It has been a terrific struggle to make a "go" of it and it seemed as if he would be relieved of the financial necessity of teaching. However, he has now to join the Forces and is to be taught camouflage! The farm will have to be given up as there is far too much for his parents to manage.

W. Stanley Moore

FREE ALLIES

Sir,—I certainly quite agree that many thousands of Austrians and Germans would be willing, nay keen, to fight Hitler with all the weapons and arms available, but—as members of H.M. Forces. We Pioneers volunteered for the Army; we took the oath of allegiance to the King, and we not only want to fight against Hitler, but also for England. The letter in your paper was not the only hint "of those creative movements" of a Free German-Austrian Force, and, naturally, aroused some heated arguments. However, the overwhelming majority of our company (and I believe the same applies to the rest of the Aliens Pioneers) is strongly opposed to any plan or scheme which might involve the transfer from the British Army to a so-called Free Force. The recruiting of men from the P.C. should be done on an entirely voluntary basis, if at all. However, we hope that this scheme will remain a scheme.

Pioneer

WAR AGRICULTURE

Sir,—In view of the vital importance of agriculture at the moment, I should like to draw attention to the inefficiency and waste in the War Agricultural Executive Committees.

In some counties which were mainly grassland before the war, very few of the farmers have the necessary implements for arable land cultivations. With a view to helping these farmers, machinery sections of the War Agricultural Committees have been established which provide farmers with the necessary tractors, drivers and implements. Obviously this branch is one of great importance, both for the ploughing-up and for harvesting. It is absolutely necessary that all tractors should be kept working every possible hour, and that delay should be avoided at all costs.

Owing to inefficiency, however, delays are frequent. It is not unusual for drivers to be held up for a day or more waiting for fuel or spare parts—not because these are not available, but because someone has forgotten to bring them out to the drivers. I was kept waiting nearly three whole days on separate occasions during binding alone, and in every case the delay was avoidable.

Though farmers find it practically impossible to get new machinery, the committees have great quantities of machinery arriving periodically without any regard to their requirements. Thus, when two-furrow ploughs were needed at the beginning of this ploughing-up campaign, there were not sufficient available, although there were eight or ten three- and four-furrow ploughs in the machinery depot which could only be used by the crawler-type tractors, which already had sufficient ploughs.

Another point which is very noticeable at the moment is the fact that a far larger acreage of land has been scheduled for ploughing than the available tractors and men can cope with, and it looks as though a very small proportion of the autumn-sown crops will be sown this year. Most of the corn will have to be spring-sown, which is not desirable on heavy land, as many farmers found to their cost this year.

This refers only to one county, which for obvious reasons I cannot name, and I hope this state of affairs is not common to other counties.

Tractor Driver

CARS AND PRODUCTION

Sir,—In the August 9th edition of your paper I read with interest the article by H. N. Brailsford—"Cars, Butter, or Guns." Although Mr. Brailsford has been living in Baltimore, within a few miles of some of the World's largest aeroplane and munition plants, he has failed to realise that the thousands of men from all over the country employed by these enormous factories must have cars to get to work. The distance being greater in America, some of the men commute from points sixty and seventy miles away; old cars won't stand this kind of service.

Thousands of other workers live in villages built almost overnight, and in our intolerable sun, refrigerators are not luxuries, but essentials. The men receive high pay and buy them. I am not interested in statistics, but believe the 35 per cent. rise in the sale of automobiles in 1941 may be partially explained as I have shown. If these workers, and there are tens of thousands of them, can't get cars and refrigerators, there will soon be neither guns nor butter.

Samuel Mason

Darlington, Maryland,
U.S.A.

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

Sir,—Years ago I myself would have said that the small child would be perfectly happy, and perfectly well, and in many ways on the road to become a better citizen and individual, if he were taken away early from his family and placed under what theorists would call perfect environment. But after living 21 months with an evacuated Nursery school I have come to eat my own words. Our children here, who are all between 2-5 years of age, live in an almost perfect nurture. They have beautiful rooms to sleep in, excellent food, even in wartime, and expert attention. And yet, while they look healthy enough, they seem in some strange ways almost to go backwards instead of forwards. They develop, or rather I should say return, to babyish habits, such as thumb-sucking, and to petulant displays of temper, which normally they would most probably have left behind them. I am sure it is because they are missing the great essential of personal love, which with all the good will in the world, we cannot give to them. Once I would have said that a good Institution was better than a poor home, but I would now reverse that statement, and say that almost the worst home is better than the most finely equipped Institution.

Marguerite Dobbing

"THE NEW STATESMAN" NODS!

Sir,—The New Statesman prize paragraph caricaturing Welsh Baptists was, of course, not taken as you alleged "from a religious article in the *Western Mail*." It formed part of an "interview," purely imaginary, with a well-known Welsh Baptist Minister by "the Junior Member for Treorky," whose name and fame as a brilliant satirical writer have been household concerns in Wales for generations.

Some years ago the *Times* fell, the length of a whole leading article, into the same trap over "a Junior Member" "interview" with Mr. Lloyd George greatly to the amusement of its Welsh readers.

From a Welsh point of view the heading of your quaint weekly feature last week gained a new appropriateness, "This England"!

Gwilym Davies

Cardiff.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Mr. Nichol Smith at Oxford and Mr. McAdam at Yale had for a long while been separately engaged in editing Johnson's poems; they decided to pool their labours, and the result is a noble volume*—not only a war-time tribute to sound learning, but an auspicious exemplar of Anglo-American collaboration. No collected volume of the Doctor's poems appeared in his lifetime, and the edition promised by Boswell was never made. The chief difficulty, therefore, of the modern editors has been to determine the authenticity of the many miscellaneous verses that have been attributed to Johnson. His style in verse is not highly personal, so that internal evidence is seldom conclusive. It is characteristic of the editors' sedulity that they have found in a seventeenth-century inscription at Tarbes a couple of hexameters that had been mistakenly attributed to Johnson. They have, on the other hand, restored to him the *Ode on Friendship*, which of recent years has been given to Mary Astell. The notes are succinct and highly interesting, the typography elegant, and I have succeeded in detecting no more important error than the omission of a " t " on p. 321 and the substitution of " 7 " for " v " on p. 352. All Johnsonians must be under a heavy debt to those responsible for this exemplary edition.

It was as a poet that Johnson first loomed into the public eye. His *London* was published anonymously in 1738, on the same day as Pope's *Epilogue to the Satires, Dialogue I*, and enjoyed a more immediate success. When told that the author was an obscure man named Johnson, Pope remarked: " He will soon be *déterré* "; and with no personal knowledge of him recommended him to the good offices of Lord Gower. *Irene* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, his two other most ambitious works in verse, did not appear till 1749, though the former had been completed in 1737. Throughout his life he continued to enjoy writing English and Latin verse: this volume includes translations made in his schooldays and a Latin poem composed upon his death-bed.

How far Johnson can justly be considered a poet must depend upon one's definition of poetry. I do not mean that the sort of verse he practised is intrinsically unpoetical—on the contrary I believe Pope to be one of our finest poets. But between Pope's verse and Johnson's imitation of it, skilful as this is, the difference is enormous. Pope continually excites two successive emotions—surprise at a phrase, and then delight in recognising that the surprising phrase could not be more felicitous. Johnson is usually eloquent, rarely surprising, and even more rarely musical. It is notable that his most famous couplet does contain a felicitous surprise:

> There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
> Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail.

In the first edition of the poem he wrote, not ' the patron," but " the garret." Indignation with Lord Chesterfield inspired the revision that has made the line immortal. Johnson thought that the best couplet he ever wrote was:

> Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded
> coast
> Through purple billows and a floating host.

Certainly this excites surprise, but does surprise give way to the delight of acceptance? Even when the wit rises, there is no music to give it wings:

> All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers spent

is in design a " right and left " worthy of Pope, but the succession of " or " sounds makes the line almost unpronounceable. His most beautiful single line, I would suggest, is the second in the couplet:

> Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
> Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?

It is remarkable that Johnson's two principal poems should be paraphrases of Juvenal. The practice, in which Pope excelled, of bringing classical poems up to date by the substitution of topical names and instances, demands ingenuity, excites enjoyment and deserves revival. But for Johnson Juvenal seems a curious choice, since his gusto for indecency was so alien to the Doctor. Moreover Johnson, unlike Juvenal, considered that " gross wickedness " was rare. Let us examine part of the description of Charles XII:

> He comes, not want and cold his course delay;
> Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
> The vanquish[illegible]ero leaves his broken bands,
> And shows his miseries in distant lands;
> Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
> While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
> But did not Chance at length her error mend?
> Did no subverted empire mark his end?
> Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
> Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
> His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
> A petty fortress and a dubious hand;
> He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

Here is the parallel passage from Dryden, both poets basing themselves upon Juvenal's account of Hannibal:

> In one deciding Battel overcome,
> He flies, is banisht from his Native home:
> Begs refuge in a Foreign Court, and there
> Attends, his mean Petition to prefer;
> Repuls'd by surly Grooms, who wait before
> The sleeping Tyrant's interdicted Door.
> What wondrous sort of Death has Heav'n design'd,
> Distinguish'd from the Herd of Human Kind,
> For so untam'd, so turbulent a Mind!
> Nor Swords at hand, nor hissing Darts afar,
> Are doom'd t'Avenge the tedious bloody War,
> But Poyson, drawn through a Ring's hollow plate,
> Must furnish him; a sucking Infant's Fate.
> Go, climb the rugged *Alps*, Ambitious fool,
> To please the Boys, and be a Theme at School.

This comparison is certainly not unfair to Johnson, for these are the culminating lines of his most celebrated passage, while the Dryden quotation is in no way above the general level of his version. Johnson's concluding couplet is unforgettable, and the whole passage is eloquent, but how immensely superior the Dryden appears, alike in diction and in sound! Johnson complained that Dryden's translation preserved the wit, but wanted the dignity, of the original; the older poet's vigour, however, makes Johnson's style seem flabby and upholstered. I would go so far as to suggest that the Dryden, while susceptible of improvement, rises to poetry, and the Johnson, though elaborately polished, stays merely most accomplished verse. I think, moreover, that this becomes even clearer when one compares Johnson, not to such great poets as Dryden and Pope, but to Goldsmith:

> The watchdog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
> wind,
> And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.
>
> Methinks her patient sons before me stand
> Where the broad ocean leans against the land.
>
> Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
> Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po.

Such lines reveal a poetic ear and imagination such as I cannot perceive Johnson to have possessed. One remembers, with bewilderment, that Sir Walter Scott " had more pleasure in reading *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* than any other poetical compositions he could remember."

Irene strikes me as the feeblest work ever designed by a powerful writer, the dullest ever published by a wit. But one needs to compare it with other English eighteenth-century tragedies, and I have read no other except *Cato*, which is very markedly superior to *Irene*. This edition prints Johnson's rough draft for the tragedy, which would be interesting if anything concerning so tedious a work could interest. Parts of this are in prose which he then turned into lines of equal length. (Racine also, amazingly, wrote his tragedies first in prose.) Johnson cannot be said to practise the art of sinking, because here there is nothing to sink from. His more ambitious flights result in such comical images as this:

> —How chang'd alas!—Now ghastly Desolation
> In Triumph sits upon our shatter'd Spires. . . .

That Johnson should lack a sense of the theatre is not surprising. But, an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare and *Paradise Lost*, how came he to write such primitive blank verse in which nineteen lines out of twenty end with a stop? A faulty ear led him to suppose that a variety of pauses made the metre of blank verse imperceptible. " If blank verse be not tumid and gorgeous," he further declared, " it is crippled prose." The verse of *Irene* is never gorgeous, yet he took more pains with it than with anything else he wrote.

By an irony that Dr. Johnson would hardly have appreciated, the poem from his pen now most popular is the *Short Song of Congratulation* written, as late as 1780, for the coming of age of Thrale's nephew, Sir John Lade:

> Loosen'd from the Minor's tether,
> Free to mortgage or to sell,
> Wild as wind, and light as feather
> Bid the slaves of thrift farewell. . . .
>
> Wealth, Sir John, was made to wander,
> Let it wander where it will;
> See the Jocky, see the Pander,
> Bid them come, and take their fill.

As the likeness of this poem to some of Housman's has frequently been remarked, it is interesting that the last line I have quoted appears in one manuscript as " Come my lads and take your fill." Johnson told Mrs. Thrale that the poem was " one of the author's first essays in that way of writing, and a beginner is always to be treated with tenderness." Alas, the septuagenarian beginner did not persevere.

Of the poems printed for the first time in this edition an early work in the same metre as Smart's *Song to David* is the most noteworthy. And, though no judge of Latin verse, I like this epigram on Mrs. Thrale, which she never printed and which has hitherto appeared only in the *John Rylands Library Bulletin*:

> Hostem odit tacitè, sed amicum ridet apertè
> Thralia. Quid mavis? tutius hostis eris.

I prefer the author of *Rasselas* and *The Lives of the Poets* to the author of *London*; and the subject of Boswell's biography to either. Johnson was prejudiced and provincial, but he was a man of uncommon goodness and still more uncommon wit. His prose is among the best in our tongue; and his verse, if not that of a poet, is such as only a great writer could compose. Because of their topicality, I should like to end with the lines about Charles XII immediately preceding those I have already quoted:

> No joys to him pacific scepters yield,
> War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
> Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
> And one capitulate, and one resign;
> Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms
> in vain;
> ' Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought
> remain,
> ' On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
> ' And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
> The march begins in military state,
> And nations on his eye suspended wait;
> Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
> And Winter barricades the realms of Frost.

May this *sors Johnsoniana* prove a true prophecy, and a second Poltava point the same moral as the first.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

---

[*] The Poems of Samuel Johnson. Edited by David Nichol Smith and Edward L. McAdam. Oxford University Press. 25s.

OKYDOKE: OR THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE

The Miraculous Birth of Language. By PROF. RICHARD ALBERT WILSON. Preface by BERNARD SHAW. *Guild Books. No.* 213. 1*s.*

This difficult but absorbing book is an historical and philosophical examination of the origins of language, and is now re-issued cheaply for the general reader. A juggling and acrobatic turn by Mr. Bernard Shaw outside the tent, during which he demonstrates to our astonished eyes how much more concise written English would be if it had an alphabet of 42 letters, is intended to lure the audience inside to the more arduous consideration of Plato, Herder, Max Müller, Whitney, Darwin and purposive evolution. As one of the more sparkling embodiments of Nature's ever onward purpose, Shaw appears as the apologist of a kind of new pidgin English. Nature, and Shaw, are rejecting such sentences as the already ossified " I regret that I shall be unable to comply with your request," in favour of " Sorry no can " ; and naturally prefer the negro slave's remark : " If preachee, preachee ; if floggee, floggee, but no preachee floggee too," to the official version : " If we are to be preached at, let us not be flogged also ; if we are to be flogged, let us not be preached at also." This is all very great fun, but relating it to Professor Wilson's thesis, which we will come to in a moment, and to the great cause of evolution on the other, one must put down a few serious doubts.

Is it true that language, as it develops, either should or does tend to the simple, the business-like and the brief as against the elaborate, the poetic and the verbose ? There seems to be a strong case for the opposite view. The evolution of man has been towards a growing capacity for being complicated, towards increasing complication and the domination of it. Style, one suspects, not brevity nor efficiency, must have been the decisive factor in man's earliest choice of words. When the first men named the first dog, it seems unlikely that onomatopeic exactitude won the day, but the most poetic, or comic, or fearful or most spectacular sound. No one could be more in need of brief, simple, efficient words to-day than a man in a railway signal-box ; but when he gets a message or an order, does he say, tersely, " Yes " or " Right " ? He does not. He is out for style and to cut a figure. His word is " Okydoke." In his primitive stage man might be satisfied with an " If preachee preachee," but all his powers would be concentrated on finding a more elaborate, authoritative, awe-inspiring form for the thought ; as the plumage of cock-birds is not designed for the simple utilitarian purpose of alluring the hen, but for the superfluous, idle and rhetorical purpose of terrorising other cocks. The man with the gaudiest slang and largest vocabulary wins. Surely imagination and tradition are the driving force behind language.

Suitably modified, the same argument could be applied to proposals for a more economical or exact written language. Mr. Shaw is really arguing against the evolutionary current. The failure of shorthand to take the place of writing, the failure of the canned languages like Esperanto or pidgin to spread beyond their limited circle, and of the artificially respirated languages like modern Irish to revive, appears to be due to that lack of style which gives slang its enormous start over any patiently invented tongue. Moreover, the machine itself is defeating the modernisers. Abbreviations like *Yr* or *Wd* for *your* and *would*, which were common when most writing was done by hand, are dying out before the speed of the typewriter and the modern printing press. Almost the only innovations we have, come from America ; but if the writers of English film scripts spatter their pages with words like " becos," " to nite," " humor," " thru," and so on, it is purely for the romantic and stylish swank of pretending that Middlesex is Hollywood. And these rational spellings were started in America, not with the object of making English easier and more logical, but from the patriotic motive of making a characteristic American style.

Here we must leave Mr. Shaw's circuses and get down to Professor Wilson's bread. A substantial part of his book is historical, and is given to the theories of the origin of language which have been decisive in the past ; and the final part of it comes full circle to the fable of Adam naming the beasts of the field in the Garden of Eden, with the Lord God disguised as purposive evolution. (It was this philosophical background which really brought Mr. Shaw on to the stage.) Professor Wilson, the most gentle and grateful of historians, rejects the view of von Humboldt that " the structure of each separate language grew out of and reflected the peculiar mental life of the people who made it," for the opposite one of " the identity of the problem which called language into being everywhere and the identity of the basic structure of all language in meeting the problem." The essence of Professor Wilson's case lies in his treatment of the dilemma in which Darwin left the philologists when he declared that human and animal language were branches of the same thing. He has no difficulty, of course, in differentiating language from those animal grunts and cries which express emotions, but do not designate things, their qualities and their actions. It is when he tries to discover " what specifically happened when man emerged from animal nature into a new world," when new conditions required a more advanced form of intercourse, that Professor Wilson becomes poetical, speculative, ingenious—and hard but fascinating reading. Against the mechanistic view of life, in which man is confronted by a hostile nature-machine, Professor Wilson puts what he calls the organic view. Language arose when the reason of the world left its unconscious state ; man and nature are bound together inextricably in the evolutionary process ; the cries of the birds are the cries of the earth, and the speech of man is yet another stage in the self-expression of Nature. Speech is Nature herself becoming conscious of something, so to speak, beyond herself, learning to give permanence to a world which up till then was continually vanishing from memory and imagination. Prof. Wilson's difference with Darwin is important. The " rudimentary resemblance to animal sounds " means nothing ; there is a " unique and fundamental difference in the ascending scale of existence." Men spoke (or Nature spoke) because they had evolved a mind, very different from the mind of the beasts.

There is not room to follow in detail Professor Wilson's closely packed account of the subsequent process. Sound was chosen rather than gesture, not only because, as Darwin said, the hands could not work and speak at once and could not be seen in the dark, but because sound conveyed the new world of time. Space images would be conveyed by conventionalised sound. The fable of Eden comes back into its own as man, under the impulse of purposive evolution, grows out of innocence into reason and knowledge and names the animals. The idealism of his approach may be outmoded, Professor Wilson agrees, but is it thereby falsified ? If he is apt to clinch his arguments with quotations from romantic poetry, they are the oases in which the reader can gratefully revive from his struggles with space-time and supra-sensuous conciousness. Part of Shaw's case for simplification is directed against man's earliest discoveries, the arts of inflexion and conjugation—what an enormous stride of consciousness lies between two sentences like " The horse trots " and " The horse trotted "—yet once again we must note that in the huge new scientific vocabulary and phraseology that man is now making he has

Faber

The Great Within
MAURICE COLLIS
No one but the author of *Siamese White* could have written such a dramatic and fascinating story of China's history. *Illustrated.* 21*s.*

Blitzkrieg
F. O. MIKSCHE
Introduction by TOM WINTRINGHAM. An analysis of the Nazi doctrine and practice of warfare and a detailed description of a system to combat it. 35 *diagrams.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Medicine and Mankind
ARNOLD SORSBY, M.D., F.R.C.S.
Modern medicine now extends to everything that pertains to physical welfare. A broad and intensely interesting account. *Illustrated.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Lady's Child
ENID STARKIE
The author of the classic life of Rimbaud writes her autobiography—a delightful record of Edwardian Ireland. *Illustrated.* 15*s.*

Sombreros are Becoming
NANCY JOHNSTONE
The Johnstones in Mexico—as amusing, unusual and readable as *Hotel in Spain.* *Illustrated.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr Bunting

at War

'One of the million little men Hitler failed to understand'

Robert Greenwood's Novel
The Book Society Choice

DENT

Reconstruction and the Land
by
SIR DANIEL HALL

This book supplies a plan for the reconstruction of British Agriculture in the national interest. Sir Daniel Hall does not advocate State farming ; his recommendation is rather to re-vitalize the existing principles of tenancy and to maintain private enterprise in the actual management of the land. Properly carried out, his plan should bring about a larger production of foodstuffs necessary for a healthy population. 10*s.* 6*d.*

MACMILLAN

The Power behind the Microphone
P. P. ECKERSLEY
A book which concerns everyone who owns a radio set. Broadcasting will play a prominent part in the new world which everyone anticipates. The first chief engineer of the BBC shows how important that part might be, and gives many practical suggestions.
[10s 6d net]

Ramping Cat
CHRISTIAN MAWSON
An interesting and lively lark.' *New Statesman.* 'Amusing and ingenious.' *Punch.* 'Good entertainment.' *Scotsman.* 'Amusing experiment.' *Manchester Guardian* 'Bright, brisk, brilliant.' *Star*
[9s 6d net]

JONATHAN CAPE

instinctively chosen the most frightful, frightening and elaborate jargon, more terrible than the plumage of the turkey cock. If there is a need for simplification, revised spelling, euphony, it is surely in the language of science. But Okydokery seems to be our incurable bent.

V. S. PRITCHETT

SOVIET RUSSIA

Soviet Russia. By E. STRAUSS. *The Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is in many ways the most illuminating book on Russia that has been published for some time. It is, in essence, an analysis of the economic evolution since 1917, with an attempt to explain the mutations in its course. Its thesis is that, on the whole, though at immense cost, the experiment has succeeded on its agricultural side, but that the result on the industrial is inadequate; the workers in the cities have been sacrificed to the peasants. Mr. Strauss attributes the failure to the bureaucracy, and to the creation, out of its necessities, of privileged groups, to whom opportunities and advantages have been given which have been denied to the great mass of unskilled labour. He was able to predict the certainty of a Russo-German war, and he expresses some doubt of the power of the Soviet Union to maintain itself against a major attack. He admits that immense successes have attended the experiment, but he is clearly appalled at its price, and he is insistent that a good deal, at any rate, of the suffering was both avoidable and the direct outcome of the manoeuvres for power of the Stalin group which ultimately prevailed. The grim authoritarianism of the regime leads him to deny that it is either democratic or Socialist. He regards it as a form of State-capitalism which may, given peace and a Socialist revolution in the West, become itself a democratic and Socialist society.

The theme is powerfully argued, and there is, I think, a genuine desire throughout to be fair. There are two weaknesses in the book, partly the outcome of an ignorance which is not Mr. Strauss's fault, and, partly, the result of an initial defect in the measuring-rod, which Mr. Strauss applies. It is clear that the Soviet regime, if it was not to degenerate into peasant individualism, was bound to embark on collectivisation in agriculture; and the grim price which had to be paid for that necessity meant that, once the new social organisation had been imposed, the loyalty of the peasants to it had to be won at almost any price. But to win it, and, at the same time, to embark on an immense defence programme—of which Mr. Strauss cannot deny the urgency—meant the sacrifice of the urban standard of living. I see no escape from that dilemma.

The defect in Mr. Strauss's measuring-rod is, I suggest, his neglect of the technical incapacity of the Russian worker and of the low level of machine equipment and capital accumulation with which the regime started. The Bolsheviks were endeavourint to compress within a score of years an evolution which, elsewhere, took a century and a half. It may be doubted whether the initial decision to attempt the compression was wise; it cannot be doubted that a very large part of the consequences which have followed flowed necessarily from that initial decision. One of its results was to make every economic policy political in character; no one could fight it without fighting the State-power. Hence it followed that the ruling bureaucracy was, in effect, the State; and, granted the momentous results which followed from checking the effectiveness of economic policy, opposition was bound to look like treason. The truth is—and Mr. Strauss does not adequately emphasise this—that ever since the Revolution Russia has been fighting two wars; an unseen and undeclared war against Western capitalism, which has now come into the open with Hitler's attack, and an internal war for a modernisation which would enable the first war, when it came, to be successfully waged. I agree with Mr. Strauss that there have been monumental blunders and criminal follies in the psychological deductions the bureaucracy has drawn from these initial factors. But I think he ought to set them more fully than he has done in the background, first, of the tradition inherited from three hundred years of Czarism, on the one hand, and of Western experience in the adaptation of a State-purpose, on the other.

The first element sufficiently explains itself. The second, I think, Mr. Strauss might have allowed for in thinking of the problems encountered by Britain, France, and the United States in getting on to a war footing from peacetime economy. It is, after all, a vital fact there that at every stage concessions have to be made to the owners of property which vitally interfere with the need for full production. It is not, I think insignificant that the governing class of France preferred surrender to the creation of the necessary conditions of victory in total war. It is not insignificant, either, that the present Government in Britain, while loudly proclaiming that total war is revolution, are at the same time, and out of deference to privilege, doing their best to avoid the revolution, the necessity of which they uneasily realise.

There is little democracy and less liberty in the Soviet regime; it is, in essence, as Mr. Strauss says, the dictatorship of a bureaucracy. But in the light of the last eight years we ought to have become aware that liberty and democracy depend upon two things—security, both national and international, and an expanding economy, now unobtainable within the class-relations of capitalism. Security has never been enjoyed by the Soviet Union; and the contraction of capitalist economy produces Fascism, which is, above all, the suppression of the liberal democracy characteristic of expanding capitalism in the interests of privilege. I agree, if I may say so, with Mr. Strauss that the democratisation of the Soviet Union depends upon a Socialist revolution in the West. That revolution, in its turn, depends upon the utter defeat of Hitlerism. But that defeat will serve no purpose, in Russia or elsewhere, unless it leads to the emergence of an economics of abundance. And that, in final analysis, is only another name for Socialism.

HAROLD J. LASKI

OCCUPIED TERRITORY

Under the Iron Heel. By LARS MOEN. *Hale.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Ignore the title: this is one of the best accounts of life in an occupied country that have been published.

Mr. Lars Moen is an American scientist. He knows Europe—Russia and England in particular—well. He had been living in Antwerp for four years, engaged in research work connected with films, when Hitler invaded; he remained during invasion, and for several months of the occupation. The fact that he "stayed put" gives his book a quite unusual character. His cross-section of Antwerp during the crucial months is as exact as cool observation can make it, and because it is so exact we are made to feel that more of the "new Europe" has been revealed to us than this one corner.

Of invasion itself Mr. Moen gives a memorable picture. The orderly beginning soon changed to chaos. Drone of 'planes in the early morning, returning every quarter of an hour, a few bombs dropped, a few more bombs, then days of bombing, parachutists, street fighting, stampede of opinion, pell-mell of soldiers and refugees, lastly—tired, but jauntily singing—the Germans themselves. Even while these tragic events were taking place Mr. Moen began to look for the pattern behind confusion. He saw, for example, more quickly than other observers, the precision with which war against civilians can be made to outweigh orthodox strategy. Belgium was "tricked" as Norway had been tricked. The months of truce had not been wasted on the German side. Allied morale had been undermined. The English and the French had been made to distrust one another: possibly that counted almost as much as any lack of airplanes or equipment. The Belgians themselves had been split into Walloons and Flemish, so that when the time came the latter provided quislings and parachutists who could act before the real situation was understood. Some striking details of Nazi planning are recorded by Mr. Moen, but most important (and most ghastly in operation) was the herding of the population, so that in fact they and not the Nazis invaded and overran the countryside. They were bombed to take a chosen direction; when the pace flagged either they were machine-gunned or Fifth Columnists were dropped to spread rumours that the Germans

ALLEN & UNWIN

When We Build Again

It is vital that in the reconstruction of our cities after the war we do not perpetuate their old evils. Here is a book, based on three years research by the Bournville Village Trust, which shows how development may be planned according to the lives and needs of the people. *With many photographs and text diagrams.* 8s 6d net

The Community Chest

J. P. BRANDER

A description of the remarkable system, common to American and Canadian cities, of planning and financing charities jointly. So far as is known, this is the first detailed account of the Community Chest published in Britain. 2s *net*

Tomorrow to fresh woods
by
RHYS DAVIES

In this rich and full new novel Rhys Davies has shown that a family shop (as he says, "next to religion, which feeds the soul, what is there more important than a grocer's shop?") can contain the drama of a whole people. 9s. net.

HEINEMANN

THE CAMBRIDGE
HISTORY OF POLAND

From Augustus II to Pilsudski
(1697–1935)

Edited by W. F. REDDAWAY, J. H. PENSON, O. HALECKI, and R. DYBOSKI

With 3 maps. 30*s.* net

This History of Poland was planned (in 1936) to trace from earliest times the antecedents of a nation which had been lately restored to liberty. This volume, which is a comprehensive study of the decline, the servitude, and the rebirth of Poland, has suffered less than the earlier studies from the sudden interruption of all communication with Poland in 1939, and now receives separate publication.

"The production of this work is of first-rate importance for us all." *The Listener*

CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY PRESS

SOVIET ECONOMY AND THE WAR

by Maurice Dobb

A concise factual record of Soviet economic developments with special reference to their bearing on the Soviet war potential.

3s. net

3 new DEMOCRATIC ORDER pamphlets:—

by Kingsley Martin
PROPAGANDA'S HARVEST

by Balbus
RECONSTRUCTION and PEACE

by Barbara Wootton
END SOCIAL INEQUALITY

1s. net each

ROUTLEDGE KEGAN PAUL

were close behind. Against this stampede the Belgians had apparently no weapon at all. The wireless ceased to give any coherent news; the burgomasters, who played so fine and defiant a part in the invasion of 1914, had been succeeded by men either incapable or unwilling to give people the simple order to stay where they were. In Mr. Moen's opinion—which the reader of this book comes to respect—the Nazi tactics might have been upset if burgomasters and the like had not been among the first to panic. I have seen many accounts written by eye witnesses of that appalling trek, but none, I think, that took into account the completeness with which it was directed by the enemy. Though the Belgian army fought or did its best to fight (the Nazis, apparently, even held their fire), the Belgian populace, without leaders, remained neutral; "frightfulness" never achieved a more resounding success.

Mr. Moen saw the endless defeated queues blocking the roads and creeping away. After two days' curfew, when it was forbidden to look out of the window, the Nazis had occupied Antwerp. They brought with them signposts to replace those torn up, even mechanism to start the cathedral bells ringing. Half-a-dozen soldiers came to the hotel where Mr. Moen was staying, and he talked with others—they were ready to talk. Two things were firmly believed by all of them: that Belgium (incited by the English) had invaded Germany, and that the war would be over in fifteen days. These beliefs supplied the morale of the victors (many of whom wanted merely to go home to their families) as artificially and inflexibly as defeatism had been inflicted on the Belgian bourgeois and peasant. Such methods, of course, "don't pay in the long run"; but they win the short run, they can apparently be repeated, and even the most thoroughgoing prophet of Hitler's collapse will find Mr. Moen's account disconcerting. For one more belief must be added to the two already mentioned: belief in Hitler. This, according to Mr. Moen, was the same everywhere, among soldiers and officers, airmen, labour troops, and members of the Gestapo.

Much of the book describes actual contacts with the Nazis, but Mr. Moen also draws conclusions. Some of these are not very flattering to ourselves. The B.B.C. news bulletins hadn't, among the Belgians, that reputation for complete truthfulness we should have liked them to have; between German and English news, the latter was preferred only as being a degree less misleading. An English bomber was brought down over Antwerp, and the news next day reported "All our 'planes returned safely." Our propaganda, says Mr. Moen, over the air and in leaflets, has been largely useless, because directed to attacking Hitler, the one point on which all German opinion, even mildly anti-Nazi opinion, stands firm. Lastly, our bombing attacks on Antwerp were ineffectual; few objectives were touched, and the best that could be said for them was that they rattled the average Nazi trooper, already discomfited to find his fifteen days' war lengthening out in endless perspectives. Nearly all of Mr. Moen's statements of fact carry conviction, and his generalisations, however much they may go against the grain, are worth attending to. He left Antwerp in mid-October, 1940, having seen as much as it was possible for one man, sympathetically disposed and enjoying a comparative mental immunity, to gather from the overwhelming events of five months.

G. W. STONIER

DRAWINGS BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, R.A.

Augustus John: Drawings. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

I do not know whether this pretty book is intended to open the Christmas season; but certain it is that sixty-four drawings by Augustus John, nicely reproduced and sold at a moderate price, is just the present a judicious nephew would give a cultured aunt. A cultured aunt is, I take it, a person who has no objection to frankness when it is pretty, to squalor when it is romantic, or to art even when it is not too serious. To describe minutely the intellectual and emotional make-up of this attractive, middle-aged lady, and to explain precisely why the drawings of Mr. John are just what suit her, would be to appreciate exhaustively the art of him whom the publishers describe in a thoughtless moment as "the greatest living draughtsman." For this task I have neither time, space nor inclination. I will say only that John has a great deal of talent, and even more "style," and that he rarely fails to take the line of least resistance.

When he does set himself a hard task, a problem, the result is apt to be disastrous. For instance, in *Virgin and Child with S. John* (No. 62), he has set himself to compose in the manner of Greco; we may even see his notion of a Toledo sky: this is a picture for the owner to enjoy in private. On the other hand, in the work of Rubens and Watteau, two very great artists, each of whom had a gift of embellishment in his enormous bag of tricks, the English painter has found something that serves his purpose. The *Study after Watteau*, a student work, is in one way as like the master as possible, and in another as unlike. It is the "style" in—"in," I say, not "of"—John's drawings which endears them to the well-educated amateur; it is the absence of any passionate apprehension of form and of intellectual effort, such as would be needed to express that passion, which make the fastidious critic less enthusiastic. But if the cultured love John's drawings for the style that is in them, common gallery-goers like them for their prettiness and romance. These qualities, though assuredly the artist is not without a sense of beauty and a turn for easy poetry, too often are provided mainly by the subject. And that, perhaps, is why, when the model is not obviously beautiful, when it is James Joyce or Miss Gwen John or—if I may say it without offence—Mr. Lowinsky, the artist seems to put more of himself into the work and make a better job of it than when he is portraying those lovely creatures who do themselves the honour of posing for him or the romantic groups that catch his eye. Be that as it may, these pretty drawings make a pretty book, which will make a handsome present.

CLIVE BELL

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 2 in C minor.* Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, cond. Eugene Goossens. (H.M.V. DB5938–41.)

DVORAK: *Symphony No. 1 in D.* Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Vaclav Talich (H.M.V. DB5932–6).

PURCELL-WOOD: *Suite in Five Movements.* Queen's Hall Orchestra, cond. Sir Henry Wood (Decca K975–6).

PURCELL: *The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation.* Isobel Baillie, acc. Arnold Goldsborough, at organ (Col. DX1031).

ROSSINI: *The Barber of Seville—Overture.* The Hallé Orchestra, cond. Dr. Malcolm Sargent (Col. DX1033).

DVORAK: *Sonatina*, op. 100, *for Violin and Piano.* Fred. Grinke and Kendall Taylor (Decca K1006–7).

MOZART: *Sonata No. 12 in F* (K332). Eileen Joyce (Col. DX1034–5).

RACHMANINOFF: *Etudes in C and E flat*, op. 33, Nos. 2 & 7. Rachmaninoff (H.M.V. DA1788).

RACHMANINOFF: *Prelude in C sharp minor*, op. 3, No. 2; and

RACHMANINOFF: *Prelude in F sharp minor*, op. 23, No. 1. Moura Lympany (Decca K1023).

LISZT: *Etude de Concert in D flat*; and

LISZT: *Ronde des Lutins.* Fred. Lamond. (Decca K1015).

TIPPETT: *Fantasy Sonata for Piano.* Phyllis Sellick. (Rimington, Van Wyck Recording. Three discs, 18/4).

SIBELIUS: *Songs: Säf, Säf, Susa, The First Kiss*, and *Spring is Fleeting; The Question, The Coming of Spring*, and *The Diamond on the Snow; Speedwell, Driftwood*, and *But my Bird is long in Homing.* Florence Wiese, contralto, acc. Daniel Kelly (Decca M503–5).

ALL kinds of artists are apt to attain maturity with surprising suddenness. The meeting with Brahms, in 1877, was the signal for a leap forward in Dvorak's inventive and constructive power; so it is not surprising that his "First" Symphony (really the second of the numbered ones), which dates from 1880, should bear so striking a resemblance, in the first and last movements, to Brahms's Second, composed just before. Here is the same happy, high-hearted mood, to which material made out of the D major triad appears so mysteriously suited; the same kind of lovely curve in the opening theme; the same method of building up the climax which leads

Just published

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

A new novel by

UPTON SINCLAIR

Author of "World's End"

10/6 net

WERNER LAURIE

T. WERNER LAURIE LTD.,
Black Friars Lane, London

BOOK NEWS

English Literature
A guide to the critical histories and principal works of each period.

Publishers' Remainders
New copies of prominent books at specially reduced prices.

Books Added to the Library
An annotated résumé of recent outstanding literature.

Write for these free lists.

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB
Booksellers and Librarians,
42, Wigmore Street, London, W.1

25,000 sold in one week

U.S.S.R.
The Strength of our
ALLY•1/6 *net*

This beautifully printed little book fulfils one of the greatest needs of the moment; it presents, in the most simple manner possible, *factual* information concerning the organisation and development of the Soviet Union. What is the composition of the Supreme Soviet and how does it work? How do the industrial resources of the U.S.S.R. compare with those of other powers? What part do women play in production? These and hundreds of similar questions which are on everyone's tongue today, are here answered in 12 pages of photographs, 31 pages of pictorial statistics, many in two-colour, and selections from important official statements.

* * *

Please write to 2, Southampton Place, W.C.1, for our complete list of publications.

Lawrence & Wishart
(Distributors: Simpkin Marshall)

METHUEN

Memories of Victorian Oxford
SIR CHARLES OMAN
"Rich as the book is in characters, there is no character in it so bracing and so vivid as the autobiographer."—*Times.* Illus. 15s.
Second edition printing.

A Short History of Modern Greece 1821-1940
EDWARD S. FORSTER
"Provides a clear guide through a singularly tangled field of history."—*Times Lit. Supp.*
With 5 maps 12s. 6d.

METHUEN

to the recapitulation in the first movement; a Finale definitely similar in shape and rhythm. But here the resemblance ends: Brahms was the greater master, and Dvorak's liminal movements are constructed on too grand a scale to avoid revealing that there is not quite enough material to go round. The same miscalculation occurs in the F major Symphony, and it means that the bridge-passages will be a bore; especially in the first movement, Dvorak overworks that formula of transition (the *locus classicus* is of course in the first movement of the Ninth Symphony) which consists in a series of imitations handed up and down the register by different instruments. These shortcomings do, however, leave a lot to enjoy throughout the work: the Stretta of the Finale is both ingenious and apposite, and if the Scherzo is distinctly below par, its Trio is attractive, and the Adagio expressive—albeit in a rather bourgeois manner. Talich gives an authoritative performance, but the recording, which can hardly be very recent, is heavy and sounds flat in places (I tested this carefully, and do not think it is merely due to the instrument I was using).

Tchaikovsky's Second Symphony is only his *Opus* 17, but I hardly think one could deny maturity to a work that so bears the stamp of certainty—in style, in the way in which the themes are selected and combined, and in general economy of means. This admirable smartness and brevity in construction is something of a rarity in Tchaikovsky's history: it makes a genuine symphony, instead of a suite or fantasia; and this advantage, as well as the entire absence of Schumannesque influence, places the work several rungs above the Third Symphony, which I reviewed in these columns not long ago. The Russian themes on which the material is based, being fragmentary and asymmetrical, lend themselves far more readily to symphonic treatment than do English folk tunes; thus the national element, though obvious, does not stick out, so to speak, at right angles to the flow of the music, but merely suffices to give it freshness and piquancy. The second theme of the Finale, with its graceful accent off the beat, might have come out of *Prince Igor;* the decorative little march, which reaches us from a discreet distance and evokes no trampling figures, makes a slow movement such as only a Russian or a Frenchman could bring off; and if the Finale ends by protesting too much, in its desire to make an effective exit, most of it is superbly alive. This is a very fine performance, in which the solo passages (especially the horn at the opening) are beautifully played and recorded; only the loudest tutti fail to avoid a blur. Excellent wartime music.

The suite which Sir Henry Wood has extracted from various works by Purcell is the kind of grave, respectworthy music about which I find it difficult to be very enthusiastic. The seventeenth century is, I cannot help thinking, the poorest of all where music is concerned: the plums are perfect, but they are few and far between. A comparison with the Handel-Harty suites should support my opinion of this potpourri, which is, however, well played and recorded. "The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation" is a much finer example of Purcell's art. A kind of arioso, followed by a florid aria, it is sung with beautiful smoothness and calm, quite without the kind of dramatic affectation which would be out of place. It must be very difficult to sing, but the imperturbable Miss Baillie makes it sound easy. Altogether a very interesting affair, with its expressive chromatic passages.

Rossini seems to have shared with Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer that type of cleverness which creates an international style in art by a subtle process of adaptation and synthesis. Cruder in workmanship than Donizetti, and without Bellini's passionate imagination, Rossini displays instructively the degeneration of a great musical tradition—that of Mozartian opera. His music relies on enormously fertile melodic invention of a superficial order, on dramatic improvisation, and on a high sense of the entertaining; and the *Barber* alone is enough to show how far sheer cleverness, unsupported by any greatness of mind, can take a man. This new recording is particularly good.

The Dvorak Sonatina does not require much comment. It is correctly named, not only because of its relative brevity, but because of the simplicity of its texture and construction. Behind it stands Beethoven's Sonatina for Piano, op. 79. There is a certain amount of " negro " flavour in all the movements. The players give the little work exactly as it should be given—*i.e.*, simply, not trying to make more of it than is there, and yet not neglecting any of its numerous fine points.

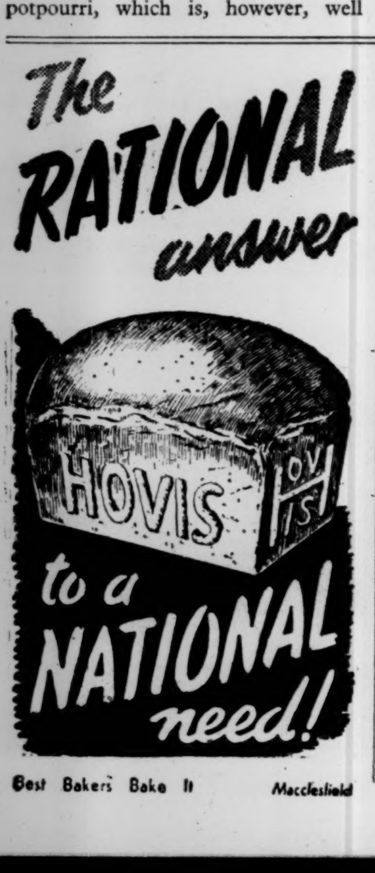
Miss Joyce gives as musicianly a performance as one could desire of a sonata that is not quite the equal of the D major issued by her a short while ago. There is more feeling in the *minore* episode of the Finale than in all the rest of the work, and Miss Joyce has realised how much care and dexterity are required to avoid vulgarising six-eight rhythm by stamping on the first note of each triplet. The little Romance in A flat (K205), on side 4, is far more welcome than most make-weights.

The Etude is a peculiar and exquisite form: it should be constructed cyclically, so as to give the impression that it might—if the pianist so willed—be continued indefinitely, the design repeating itself like that of a stuff or a wall-paper, and the full close being merely voluntary. Rachmaninoff's Etude in C is a very worthy offshoot of Chopin's classic inventions—a most sumptuously woven little piece of brocade, with a faintly discernible but most distinguished motif. The performance is consummate, and this is a disc to buy, though the other Etude—in the composer's " March of the Cossacks " style—is quite insignificant.

Miss Lympany's record will add to her own reputation, if hardly—at this time of day—to Rachmaninoff's, though, to be sure, the F sharp minor Prelude deserves to be more often heard. On the other hand, Mr. Lamond's disc will, I cannot help thinking, not add greatly to his fame. His playing of the D flat Etude is conventional and lacking in the virtuosity integral to the piece, and the Ronde is taken so slowly that it loses its point.

Disgracefully ignorant as I was of the work of the young Cornish composer, Michael Tippett, I listened to his Sonata with a mind and ear free from preconceptions. I was not only agreeably affected, but decided that this was a composer from whom a great deal may confidently be expected; and repeated hearings have confirmed and deepened my first impression. The man who could invent that initial theme—a deceptively simple sequence—must have a musical imagination of some profundity. In fact, all the thematic fragments of which the work is fashioned are exactly moving and as saturated with subtle colour as a branch of spring leaves. The idiom is diatonic, with expeditions, in the second and third movements, into a mitigated and logical polytonality; but the harmony is never rebarbative or turgid. This is partly due to the admirably pianistic style of writing, which admittedly derives from Scarlatti, but also, I surmise, owes a good deal to Hindemith, and perhaps something to Poulenc. The result is a predominantly Toccata style, which preserves perfect " legibility " by avoiding muddy chords and, wherever the music ceases to be homophonic, by confining the counterpoint as far as possible to two parts. The first and third movements are probably the most remarkable; but the Andante, which " strikes " rather cold at first, as Busoni sometimes does, eventually emerges as a most successfully spun meditation. The Finale, on the other hand, is a bit of a let-down: Jazz snippets and English sequences of triads seem " out " of what I take to be Mr. Tippett's true style. The ultimate impression made by the whole Sonata is of something at once serious and witty, but not " light " (perish the thought!): in thus describing his work, Mr. Tippett seems to me to confound what is serious with what is German—surely an arbitrary limitation. The only other criticism I have to make is that the composer occasionally (e.g., in the penultimate variation of the first movement) becomes so fascinated by some pattern of sonority that he neglects to supply enough material to keep our interest alive, and the result is an improvisation which has merely the effect of note-spinning. This is the kind of thing which could become a mannerism, if Mr. Tippett is not careful. Miss Sellick gives a dazzling performance which combines technical clarity with a delicate lyrical feeling perfectly adapted to the music. I fervently recommend this most enjoyable work to anyone interested in the progress of English music.

The Sibelius songs chosen by Miss Wiese are pretty and well made, in a watery romantic manner; but they are to Grieg at his best what ptarmigan is to moor grouse and provide not a shred of evidence that Sibelius is a great composer. It is difficult to appreciate songs when one does not know what the words are, but I should be inclined to single out the first of these records as on the whole the most attractive. Miss Wiese's voice has an agreeable tone, and is used intelligently, but she is not invariably in the centre of the note. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST



Recently Published

THE TECHNIQUE OF SEX

By ANTHONY HAVIL, B.A. Post paid **5/6**
Written by a young medical man, this new illustrated work is a complete guide to every aspect of sex. No other book at a similar price is as all-embracing. The contents cover—Anatomy—Physiology—The Psychology of Sex—The Sex Act—Pregnancy and Labour—Contraception—Abortion—Venereal Diseases—Prostitution—Impotence and Sterility.

LIFE LONG LOVE

Healthy Sex and Marriage

By RENNIE MACANDREW. Post paid **5/-**
The purpose of this book is to prevent or help solve some of the problems of love, and to increase human understanding.
" Its great merit consists in its straightforwardness of expression . . . its scientific simplicity. It should prove a very useful textbook."—*New Statesman and Nation.*

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AFFAIRS AND MARRIAGE. By RENNIE MACANDREW. An explanation of men to women and women to men—to clarify ideas—to illustrate the differences of Friendship, Love and Marriage. **5/-**

THE RED LIGHT. Post paid **1/9**
A book of sane and logical instruction on Intimate Hygiene for Men and Women.
" Frankly written—sincere and unsuggestive—as indispensable to those in uniform as a Service Gas Mask—the best eighteenpennyworth in its line yet published."—*Superman.*

All prices include postage. Send your order to:
THE WALES PUBLISHING CO.,
Dept. 169, 26 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2
Complete Catalogue sent free on request.

AT THE " CEASE FIRE "
By B. N. LANGDON-DAVIES
9d.
A POST-WAR POLICY
TO AVERT CHAOS

H. G. WELLS
wrote to the Author:
" I found your 'Cease Fire' very much after my own heart. Thank you for writing it."

Of all booksellers or from
THE BROADWATER PRESS
WELWYN GARDEN CITY

A DEGREE FOR YOU!

The Matriculation exam. need not deter those who have left their school days behind. London University Degree candidates over 23 may take the *shorter* Special Entrance Exam. Wolsey Hall Postal Courses offer many advantages: low fees, instalment terms, free loan of books, and, in the event of failure, continuation of tuition free of charge. 1001 Wolsey Hall students have passed this examination.
Write for Free Guide to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Department VH12,
WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

'Second to None'
Smoke
GREYS
CIGARETTES
Just honest-to-goodness tobacco—that's what has given them their wonderful name!
20 for 1/6 ★ 10 for 9D
Issued by Godfrey Phillips Limited

Week-end Competitions

No. 613

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered for the best 20 lines adapting part of a Latin or French poem to a modern instance, as Pope adapted Horace and Johnson, Juvenal. Any metre can be used. Competitors should indicate exactly where the original passage is to be found.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, November 10th.
2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 610

Set by G. B. Dodington

A first prize of two guineas and a second prize of half-a-guinea are offered for the best comments upon the Buchmanites supposedly received from Pepys, Dr. Johnson, Wesley, Macaulay, Cardinal Newman, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Renan, Queen Victoria or St. Francis. Entries may consist in several short comments or one longer one, not exceeding 250 words.

Report by G. B. Dodington

I wanted to include in this list some honoured name that might reasonably be expected to approve of the Buchmanites being exempted. But this was not easy. Wesley would, I fancy, have been appalled by their insisting so little upon the Atonement; Queen Victoria, though probably sympathetic with their indifference to theology, would have been indignant, I think, at their unwillingness to join her Army. Very few entries provide a defence for the Buchmanites. One competitor, Ronald Mason, makes Macaulay their apologist:

> He (Mr. Herbert) accordingly proceeded to a public indictment. All his alert intelligence, his forensic ability, his ironic eloquence, were marshalled to the attack; and the heads of his charges were eagerly examined. They were two in number. He disliked the group's title; it conflicted with that of his constituency. He disliked the political opinions of its leader; they were alleged to conflict with his own.

It is just conceivable that Macaulay might have been led, by a dislike of the Oxford Movement, to praise of the so-called Oxford Group. E. W. Fordham makes Dr. Johnson rally to their defence. This is ingenious, because violently as he would have disapproved, he might on occasion have taken this line merely for the pleasure of contradicting Boswell. No competitor had the audacity to place a defence of the Groupers in the mouth of Newman or Arnold, but Leslie Johnson places a sympathetic account in the mouth of Pepys. Richard Pomfret's Pepys is excellent; here is a piece of it:

> Then to open confession, vast to my taste, for some that were there did have excess of zeal in telling what they would not tell their wives, though a few methinks did give themselves combs that other cocks did nurture.

Nothing is more striking about the Buchmanites than the disregard for humility shown in all their books; and N. P. Meadway makes Johnson go straight to this mark:

> *On Public Confession.*
>
> Sir,—Confession should be attended by penitence, not by self-satisfaction.
>
> *On Conversion.*
>
> Sir,—These sudden conversions of which you speak are distasteful to me. Faith is not a coat that a man may don at a second's notice.
>
> *On God-guidance.*
>
> Sir,—The Creator of the Universe is not a tap that He may be turned on or off at will.

And here is a Macaulay from M. Snow:

> Like the followers of St. Paul, George Fox, John Wesley, and Dr. Pusey, the followers of Dr. Buchman were everywhere spoken against. Unlike these enthusiasts, they were not imprisoned, deprived of their benefices, put in the pillory; they enjoyed the glory of persecution without its inconveniences.

And another from H.T.S.:

> . . . It may be argued that Dr. Buchman and his disciples are in many respects shrewder men than were the Muggletonians and the Southcotians and that the comparison we have made is an invidious one. We will readily concede their shrewdness, and we are not surprised, as some simple-minded persons appear to have been, by the Buchmanites' claim to be exempted from military service, for military service is unpleasant and best left to be performed by others. But we confess to some astonishment at the spectacle of members of the House of Commons publicly supporting their contention.

Several of these are worthy of prizes and so are Norman Wall's St. Francis and William Bliss's Newman—a specially difficult model, which I wish I had space to quote. I recommend for first prize E. W. Fordham, and for second Allan M. Laing.

FIRST PRIZE

Dr. Johnson (Boswell having attacked the Group.)

Nay, but this is sorry stuff. Although, Sir, I am for the Church of England, I am not booby enough to contend that there is but one gate-way into Heaven.

If, Sir, truth, honesty and purity be the objectives of this Group, have you not penetration enough to perceive that he who condemns them exhibits himself as a partisan of lying, deceit and fornication?

Carlyle:

The Buchmanites, whose virtues and the opposite the ever babbling blockheads are disputing with free flowing eloquencies pro and contra, are, in my poor judgment, heartily unimportant to gods and men. That some (not of the plebs mainly), have gleaned rather faintish good from them and their sharings I doubt not; but the question whether or no a dozen of them be taken for the army in this imbroglio of woe is, of all terrestrial matters, the least important under the sun.

Queen Victoria:

The Queen does not doubt that *some* of Dr. Buchman's followers *may* be loyal, and even well-meaning, but she cannot bring herself to believe that anyone who has had the irreverence, she had almost said the impertinence, to thank God for Adolf Hitler deserves the *very least* consideration.

The Queen hopes that her Ministers will be firm in resisting the *wicked* attempt to keep these men from serving the country. She is sure that not doing so would only be the thin edge of the wedge.

E. W. FORDHAM

SECOND PRIZE

Dr. Johnson:

Depend upon it, Sir, the world will not be saved by the fatuous good-humour of a body of raw college boys. The attempt to make universal benevolence do the work of brains will end in a world of fools governed by a hierarchy of hypocrites. These Buchmanites want to change you and me. Sir, they have hardly enough sense to know when to change their own shirts.

Lord Macaulay:

There was a feeling of uneasiness in several quarters. Buchmanism had been incorporated. The act suggested worldly wealth and privilege. Its adherents were for the most part prosperous men, or drawn from the hangers-on of the prosperous. It seemed to be no creed for the impecunious. The intelligent classes noted, with equal suspicion, that its ranks numbered few, if any, eminent divines, no outstanding philosophers, hardly any literary talent and, in short, an overwhelming preponderance of naive and simple souls who revelled in the opportunity of confessing their lesser sins in respectable company. The general effect was one of smugness.

Samuel Pepys:

By chance to hear a discourse of one Cholmondely, a Buchmanite, confessing of his sins to a gathering in Gracechurch Street. This they call sharing. But, Lord! to hear the pitiful peccadilloes this fellow boasted, as that, before he was changed, he would sometimes wipe his nose on the table cloth, if peradventure no one observed him. . . .

ALLAN M. LAING

When you are not there to help . . . The Salvation Army is!

The Salvation Army is serving the community in 187 ways.
YOU CAN HELP to maintain this work by a gift to-day to General Carpenter, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

THE SALVATION ARMY

FALSE TEETH
Are they on your mind?

When, through shrinkage of the gums, a denture loses its original suction grip, discomfort and embarrassment serve as constant reminders of its presence in the mouth. To end this unpleasant state of denture-consciousness use KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE *for making false teeth fit firmly.* Comfort and confidence are restored and there will be no more chafing of the gums, no more embarrassing situations. Handy sprinkler tins 1/3d., also large "Economy" size 3/3d., from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE
is NOT liable to Purchase Tax and is NOT restricted by the Limitation of Supplies Act.

PURELY PERSONAL

PEACE—at 8d. a go! Relax and enjoy a King Six Cigar—the most satisfying smoke of all. 8d. each at all tobacconists.

I keep fit and so can You!

In Beecham's Pills you have the perfect laxative. Gently and naturally they put the bowels in order and the good effect is felt all over the body. Try some to-day.

Purely vegetable
Beecham's Pills
Sold Everywhere.
Worth a Guinea a Box

DUTTON ONE-WEEK SHORTHAND
FIRST LESSON FREE

Have you ever scribbled out longhand notes, wishing all the time that you knew shorthand? If so, do you realise that shorthand can now be learnt in a total of 24 hours' study?

Dutton One-Week Shorthand makes this possible. You learn everything in twelve 2-hour lessons—in ONE WEEK if you study four hours daily. However, there is no set time-table or time limit. The Dutton Postal Course is therefore ideal for anyone wishing to learn shorthand in odd leisure hours. Practice gives speeds up to 200 words a minute.

Dutton Shorthand is used by over 50,000 writers throughout the world and is accepted by all examining bodies and in the Services. Write to Dutton Shorthand School, Dept. N.S.7, 92-3, Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C.1, for Lesson One of the 12-lesson Course. This will be sent FREE without any obligation ('Phone MUS. 7379.)—(Advt.)